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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 104. [Published Every Monday.] WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 29TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

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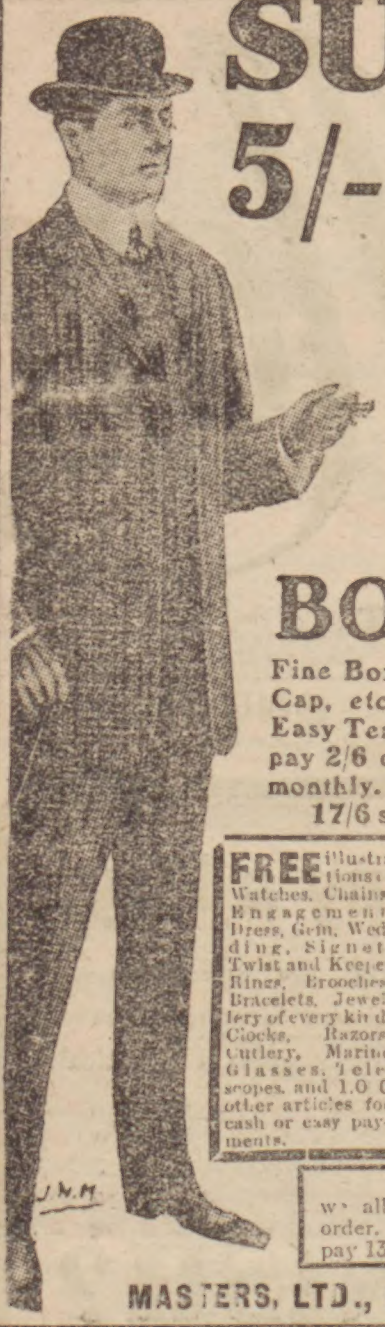

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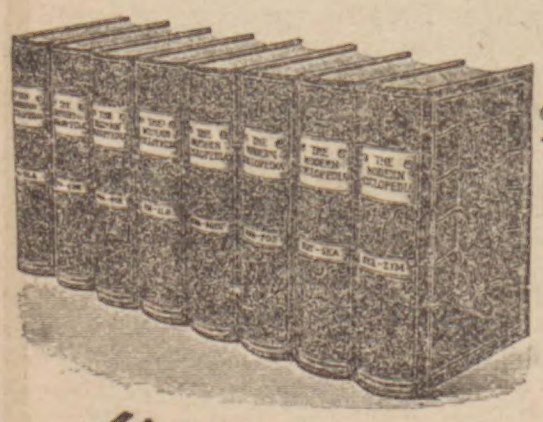

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 104. WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 29TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

AGAINST THE CLOCK.

Perhaps it has never struck you, but it is fact that a clock is often of the greatest rvice to a man, whether in sport or business. It hangs or stands in its place, impassive, ndemonstrative; but when you have a certain mount of work to get ready by a particular ne, it is your very good friend. Its quiet cking does not disturb you; but every short hile it reminds you discreetly how the time getting on. You glance up at it. "Great ot! Only three-quarters of an hour more!" d your pen drives on like mad. And when u gather up your papers with a minute or o in hand, you feel grateful to that clock. You are in the ring, watching anxiously, hile the referee slowly counts the seconds, d your adversary lies huddled up on the oor. "Five . . . six . . ." and your opnent gives a few wriggles of returning conciousness. "Seven . . . eight . . ." "Will get up in time?" you wonder, anxiously, r you had all the trouble in the world to out" him in the last round. "Nine . . ." e has almost struggled up, but not quite. Ten!"—and the fight is yours.

THE STAR TURN.

A ripple of excitement in the great musicll—and then a hush. The star turn is just ming on. "Merry Jerry Jenkins," the ong-Legged Lunatic, is going to keep the use in a continual roar. A blare from the chestra, and he shoots out from the wings, d falls prone. He gets up, holds his red se ruefully in one hand, and dusts his short at and baggy black trousers with the other. hen he stretches out a long gloved hand. . . "Skylence!" (Roars of laughter). "Gurls! ase this unseemly mirth! *Tut!*" (Smacks with small cane. Howls of laughter.) say! I must tell you this! My uncle's a job at last—yes, he has—a real good What is he? Well, I don't mind tell- you. He's a—he's a—hush! Someone's tening!" (Renewed merriment). "He's a rkscrew straightener!" (House goes into .) "Oh, but he's a wonderful man, is my le. He's like one of those old magicians, can turn himself into anything like a flash. ho said '*Liar*'?" (House rocking with rth). "I'll prove it! Why only yesterday ternoon he was going along the Strand—just e you or I might. . . . having a ban- . . . (audience convulsed), when one second he turned into a pub." (Yells delight. Comment from the gallery: Haw! Haw! Ain't he a chronic caution?") By the way, talking o' pubs makes yer nk o' *beer*; and beer makes yer think o' ppers, and kippers makes me think o' . . ." It is at this point that we make a mad grab our hat.

CHEEK.

A novel competition in a contemporary is called "Triplets." But we understand that there is no kid about it.

* * *

A weekly paper suggests that women make the best spies. We suppose it is because they generally look well.

* * *

Mr. Eugene Corri is hopeful of Bombardier Wells beating Jack Johnson. We fear we are not so sanguine. We fancy that if he meets the black, Wells will not be unassociated with ills.

* * *

Says Major Nalborough: "Those nations which have occupied the leading positions in the community of nations have been those in which the spirit of thrift has been most conspicuous." Chorus from Whitechapel: "Qvite right, ma tear!"

* * *

A little shilling book, recently published, is called "Pause." Seeing that its contents include papers on "The Splendours of Creation, the Glacial Ice of Dogma, and Zoroastrianism," the less learned among us will probably remark "Paws *off*!"

* * *

The Marquis of Linlithgow remarks: "I doubt if Scotland has given the world anything greater than the game of golf." It is rumoured that Harry Lauder intends taking action for libel.

* * *

Many a man is more particular about the straightness of the parting in his hair than the straightness of his character.

* * *

So much harm is done in the Dentistry world by quack competition that it is not every L.D.S. who makes much L.S.D.

* * *

Taking a mean advantage of Tennyson, who can't hit back, Mr. Plowden says:

"Prisoners come and prisoners go,
But rates go on for ever."

So, apparently, does the genial beak.

* * *

"Don't forget," says "M.A.P.," "the little courtesies and delicacies of married life. They count for more than many purple raptures." And their neglect sometimes ends in purple ruptures.

* * *

BRUTAL CONUNDRUM.

[Andrew (Carnegie) is a strong character.—*Weekly Paper*.]

Q.: Why is Carnegie like Stilton cheese?

A.: Because his strength increases with age.

* * *

An American critic dubs the British sporting shot a "game hog." Thank 'Evins that he, at least, is game! J. S. Cox.

OFFICIOUS LINESMEN.

Many of the linesmen officiating at professional football matches are far too officious. Of course, a linesman's work is not limited to deciding when and where a ball goes into touch and watching the fairness of the throw in; it is absolutely his duty to call the referee's attention to any infringement that has escaped his (the referee's) notice.

But some linesmen take upon themselves to dispute the referee's ruling. They signal for off-side when the referee, who has been in a position to see, has ignored the appeal, and they keep on signalling.

A linesman should never signal for an infringement unless it is obvious that the referee was not in a position to "spot" the offence. Some of them are so busy trying to teach the referee his work that they neglect their own job, and give bad touch decisions.

Many referees are too fond of consulting their linesman. Broadly speaking, it is for the referee to decide every point in the game, and he should never refer to a linesman unless the latter was in a better position than he to see a doubtful point.

ARMY CORPORALS.

It is much easier for a man to be a good sergeant than a good corporal. The sergeant has his own mess, and usually his own sleeping quarters, but while the corporals have a private room in the canteen, they mess and sleep with their men, and thus have the difficult task of keeping order among men with whom to a great extent they are on familiar terms. A tactless corporal means a mutinous barrack-room, and trouble for everybody all round.

A good corporal, on the other hand, is the colour-sergeant's right hand, and the go-between him and the men.

The ambitious private first of all becomes a lance-corporal. This is not strictly a rank or grade, but an appointment, which he holds at the pleasure of his Commanding Officer, who can at any moment order him to revert to his real grade of private.

Further, except in very urgent circumstances or unless he has two or three years' service behind him, a lance-corporal must not personally place under arrest or confine an offender, but must report him to superior authority.

Once, however, a man gets his full corporal's stripes, then he can only be reduced to the ranks again by sentence of a court-martial, or in special cases by the direct order of the Commander-in-Chief or now the Army Council.

He has also full powers to place under arrest or make prisoners of subordinates, and, again in exceptional circumstances, of men senior to himself.

GOLF'S SEVEN DEADLY SINS

Most of us know what "slicing" is, because the term, like many others in golf, is singularly expressive. A ball is said to be "sliced" when the face of the club is drawn across it, as a result of the player drawing his arms towards himself in his swing. This has, naturally, the effect of curling the ball to the right.

It is very difficult to cure a tendency to "slice." And the way to attempt it is to "follow through" earnestly every time—*i.e.*, do not check the downward swing, and throw your arms well out after the ball.

A ball is "pulled" when the player h it with the toe of his club, at the same t pulling his left arm round and slightly bo ing the club head. As this has the effect sending the ball a long way, it is somet purposely done by experts when the wind blowing across the course. But, unless i actually played for, it is a bad fault, likely to lead to various difficulties.

J. D. VALENTINE.

HOW THEY MAY BE OVERCOME.

Very much ink has been shed by learned sporting writers to explain the different ways of playing golf-strokes correctly; but it is a strange fact that these experts have not dealt very exhaustively with the various "vices" which golfers are apt to contract. The chief of these is, doubtless, not hitting the ball at all—but it is so obvious that we will not include it in our list of faults.

We may, not inaptly, describe the Seven Deadly Sins of Golf as "Topping," "Duffing," "Sclaffing," "Heeling," "Toeing," "Pulling," and "Slicing."

Topping is the fault of striking the "pill" on the top, causing it to travel only a short way, and often gashing the top badly. It is one of the most galling failings a golfer can be subject to, and the only way to cure it is continually to keep your eye on "the back of the ball."

SOME COMMON VICES.

Next comes "duffing." Probably most of my readers will take this to mean playing like a duffer, but it doesn't. It means hitting the ground first, behind the ball, and striking the latter with the upper edge of the club's face. In this way, it is only sent a short distance up in the air. "Duffing" is generally the result of the player having his right foot too near the ball, and sometimes of his ducking his body a little at the moment of striking.

Closely akin to, but not synonymous with, "duffing" is "sclaffing." Here, too, the club strikes the ground first, but this time it "skids" over the ground. "Sclaffing" is an insidious vice, for a "sclaffed" ball will sometimes flatter the striker by going a long distance. But it shows that his play is unsteady, and it must be rigidly corrected.

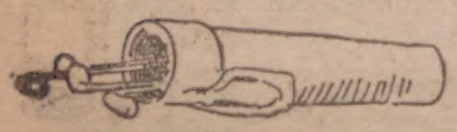
The terms "heeling" and "toeing" will be easily understood, for they mean, respectively, hitting the ball with the "heel" and the "toe" of the club.

THE CAUSE AND THE REMEDY.

The weight of a club's head is always behind the centre of the striking "face" so that, if a ball is struck outside that particular part, it travels only a short distance. What is more, it is deflected to the right and left respectively according as it is hit with the heel or the toe.

The cause of "heeling" is generally that a man is standing too near his ball; and, in the same way, "toeing" is generally brought about by the player standing too far away from it. To eradicate these faults, he should pay attention to his "stance," and be careful, when addressing the ball, to place the centre of the club-face opposite to it.

Sometimes you will see a man trying to get out of "heeling" by aiming with the toe, and to cure "toeing" by aiming with the heel. But this is worse than futile; for in getting out of one fault, he gets into another, equally bad.



A MAN'S FIRESIDE.

Probably every man, however restless may be, feels now and then an inclination stay at home and have a quiet evening himself. He feels that for one night he do without his usual boon companions. S tude and a pipe, he thinks, are all that really sensible chap wants. But it is strange, isn't it? that these fits generally upon one on the night before salary when one has hardly more money left will pay the fare to business on the morro

PRETENCE AND REALITY.

WHY THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.

[Our dyspeptic philosopher has been eating something that has disagreed with him, and, as a result, has produced this. We publish it as a warning to our readers against an injudicious diet; but we wish it to be understood that we do not identify ourselves of necessity with any of his views.—EDITOR.]

PRETENCE.	REALITY.
WHY MEN SHAVE OFF THEIR MOUSTACHES.	
Because they are tired of them.	Because some girl has said that they would look better clean-shaven.
WHY FIRST-CLASS AMATEURS PLAY GAMES.	
Because they have an earnest and disinterested love for manly sports of the field.	So as to get jobs on newspapers as expert critics.
WHY WOMEN GO TO SKATING RINKS.	
To indulge in health-giving and enjoyable exercise.	In order to form fortuitous acquaintanceships with the opposite sex.
WHY PARENTS KEEP A SHARP LOOK-OUT ON THEIR DAUGHTERS.	
Because young men nowadays are so dreadfully wicked.	Because they know their daughters' characters.
WHY A WEEKLY PAPER RAN A CRUSADE AGAINST "WHITE SLAVERY."	
To warn fathers and mothers against the dangers that threatened girls seeking employment.	To raise its circulation and sell a sixpenny book to thousands of prurient people.
WHY PLAYS ARE WITHDRAWN.	
Because the manager's artistic soul yearns for something new.	Because the playgoing public persists in staying away.
WHY PEOPLE LIVE IN FLATS.	
Because they like the atmosphere of Bohemianism that surrounds them.	Because in a flat the rates and taxes are paid by the landlord.
WHY WIFEY WAITS UP FOR HUBBY.	
Because she is so dreadfully anxious about the safety of her darling husband.	Because she wants to see the sort of condition he comes home in.
WHY MOST PEOPLE TELL THE TRUTH.	
Because, like George Washington, they could not tell a lie.	Because they can't see any way out of it.
WHY MEN LIKE BABIES.	
Because they have a soft spot in their hearts for the helpless little darlings.	Because each one means a deduction of £10 from the taxed income.
WHY PEOPLE GIVE MONEY TO CHARITY.	
Because they like to expend money in a deserving cause.	Because they know that their gift will be acknowledged in some paper or other.
WHY MEN WEAR MONOCLES.	
Because the sight of one of their eyes is weaker than that of the other.	Because they want to be taken for "men about town."
WHY WOMEN KISS ONE ANOTHER.	
Because the little darlings' hearts are so full of affection.	Because they want to find out what kind of powder the other uses.
WHY MOST MEN GET MARRIED.	
Because they feel they want the dearest girl in the world to be always close to their side.	Because if they didn't, they would be mulcted in heavy damages for breach of promise.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

AN ANGEL IN HELL

By R. D. CROMBIE.

Probably the "Bier Hall" of that particular café adjacent to Leicester Square had never contained quite her like before. Certain it was that her appearance created a minor sort of sensation.

She had stopped halfway down the stairs, so that all had the opportunity of looking at her. Her gloved hand tightened on the brass rail at her side. She seemed to be intensely and terrifically surprised.

She was quite young—a girlish, slim figure clad in a costume of grey. Her complexion was pale, her eyes clear. There was about her the indefinable atmosphere of innocence, like the known but unseen fragrance of a flower. And she was undoubtedly a lady to her finger-tips.

In the pause during which she was the cynosure of all eyes, she took an upward step as though to retreat. Then, conquering the impulse, she slowly descended to the bottom. For yet another moment, she stood, gazing steadily about through the smoke-laden air, taking in the face of each man in turn, ignoring the women, who preponderated in the proportion of at least two to one, and at last seated herself at the nearest table where there was an unoccupied chair.

A woman opposite, negligently resting her head on her hand, drew hard at a cigarette, and stared at her insolently through half-closed lids. Beside her another woman smiled cynically to herself. Men from all quarters inspected her surreptitiously or openly. She would not have been human had she not been conscious of it.

But she bore it all with a quiet unheeding air. Only the delicate of perception could have discerned, as she sat there with her hands listless on her lap, gazing straight ahead, a trifle proudly, perhaps, that there was an unnatural tightness about the set of her firm, sweet lips, hinting at the existence of some secret strain. And delicacy of perception, or indeed of any other kind, is not a conspicuous attribute of the people who usually frequent these marks of sin.

The interest which her advent had caused began to wane, except amongst those in her close proximity. A band on a raised platform at the end of the room was screeching forth popular music, abominably out of tune. All around was the rattling of glasses, a babel of voices and laughter, making a concatenation of vulgar, discordant gaiety.

She remained unmoved in her demeanour until a waiter approached, when she said, "Nothing, thank you," and relapsed into her former reserve.

The waiter did not stir.

"Best have something, lovey," recommended the woman who had been insolently staring. "You'll have to clear out unless."

"Oh, must I? Well, bring me a cup of coffee, please." She smiled frankly across as the waiter, with contemptuous unhaste, departed. "I haven't been here before, you see. I don't quite—feel at ease."

"Bit new to the game, perhaps!"

"No. I—I am here hoping to see somebody."

"So are we. Anybody for the matter o' that. You won't have to wait long, don't you fret. Anybody that's fresh——"

"I—I don't think you quite understand me. I'm not——"

"Not what?"

"Not—at your game, as you call it."

"Oh!" The tone was extravagantly incredulous. "Dear me! What a shame! Bad job about you, isn't it?"

"I expect the dear little lamb has strayed in all unknowing," put in her cynical companion. "Thinks it's a prayer meeting or a come-unto-glory show. Better run along home, my pretty innocent, before your mother comes and catches you."

"My mother," returned the girl in grey, quietly, "is dying."

The reply was so utterly unexpected that the women could do nothing but stare. Then they turned and looked uncomfortably at each other.

The insolent woman winked—to show that she wasn't ashamed.

"Funny thing to say—and funnier place to say it in," commented the cynical woman, awkwardly.

"It is true," continued the girl in grey, with a catch in her voice. "I told you because—I don't think you would wish to insult a girl who is in very deep trouble. In a way my presence here is as much an insult to you. I understand—how it must make you feel. But I had to come. The policeman wouldn't let me stay outside, and there is someone who comes here regularly that I *must* see. I don't know where else to find him. Perhaps you may know his name. It's Harry Bagshawe."

"Harry Bagshawe!" The insolent woman, made spiteful by her feeling of shame, could not repress a laugh. "Oh yes, I know him," she said. "One of my extra specials. Sorry if I've been cutting you out."

"He is my brother," said the girl in grey.

Again an uncomfortable silence.

"Strikes me I'd do well to close my trap," muttered the woman who had been insolent. "I seem to be nuts on putting my foot in it."

"He hasn't been home for a very long time," continued the girl with faintly trembling lips. "I'd like to tell you about it, if—if you wouldn't mind listening. If I don't tell someone," her smile was pitiful, "I—— I'm rather afraid I shall break down."

"Get it off your chest then," advised the cynical woman, cynical no longer. The waiter bringing the coffee at that moment, she insisted on paying for it, with an impatient sort of friendliness which was more than half self-scornful.

"Mother was taken ill a week ago," explained the girl in grey. "She is a widow, you know, and there are two of us at home, my younger sister and myself. We live in Exeter, and we have been quite happy till—this happened. Harry left home nearly two years ago. He was always wild—and a little bit selfish—and we were rather glad to get rid of him. Mother began to grieve, though, when he ceased to write, or even to come to see us. That was at the beginning of this year.

"We entirely lost touch with him then. He left his business and he left his private address, and we all felt sure that he must have gone abroad. Yesterday the doctor said she couldn't live; and all night long she was moaning 'Harry—Harry' . . . praying that she might see him before she died.

"It went on like that till this afternoon, then I—I couldn't bear it any longer. I just put on my hat, told my sister if he was anywhere in England I would find him and bring him home, and came away. The doctor had said she might last till the morning. If she should be dead when I get back . . . . ."

"Drink your coffee and buck up," suggested the woman who had been cynical.

She did so obediently, and resumed with another piteous smile.

"But I feel somehow she won't be. I've been ever so lucky so far. I went straight to the apartments where we were last in touch with him, and, though the woman there did not know his address, she said once or twice she had forwarded letters to him here. So I came—and I asked the commissionaire in the hall up-stairs—and he thought he knew him, but he wasn't sure—then I waited outside—and the policeman told me I must move on—so rather than miss him ——"

"You are a lady," said the once cynical woman; "and you did all that for a rotten swine of a brother?"

"Not entirely for his sake. And he's only thoughtless."

"I'd have seen him in hell before *I'd* have gone to such trouble," declared the other woman.

"Have you any idea," asked the girl in grey, anxiously, "what time he generally comes in?"

"All times, my dear. And there's one thing you mayn't know, and that is you can't stop here."

"Why not?"

"Ten minutes is the limit, unless you've got a man with you. We're just off now."

"Oh, dear, what shall I do?"

The woman who had been insolent drained her stout and banged down the glass.

"Always thought Harry Bagshawe a skunk," she stated, venomously. But she attempted no answer.

"I shall stay," asserted the girl. "They cannot force me to go."

"Can't they?" returned the cynical woman. "If you told 'em that, they'd soon teach you different. But there's a way if you've got the pluck to take it. Get a man."

The eyes of the girl in grey dilated.

"Like you do?" she whispered.

"Only to talk to."

"I couldn't. The way they look at one! . . . No, no," she pleaded; "*please* don't misjudge me. It isn't that I think myself any better. I know I'm not. I'm only different. But that——!"

Both of the women were regarding her stonily.

"Please yourself," said one.

"I will be glad," said the girl in grey hurriedly, "to speak to someone. Have you any friend here you could introduce me to?"

The cynical woman looked about. She caught a man's eye, raised her brows, and gave a minute indicative jerk of her head. He lazily came up.

He was an old-young man, with downward lines at the corners of his mouth and a dissipated skin. He had manners, and a ready, familiar smile. He took one of the vacated seats, and the women went away.

"Well," he began, "you look a jolly nice girl."

The girl in grey surprised him by asking:

"Have you any sisters?"

"Yes; why?"

"Do they ever come here?"

"By gad, no!" He had flushed.

"I have come here to find my brother," she said. "Will you, until he comes, treat me as though I were your sister?"

He looked full into the clear eyes for a moment, and then glanced away.

"I—I will try," he said huskily.

A little while later she started abruptly to her feet. A young, good-looking man was descending the stairs. She hastened swiftly towards him, and he blanched at her approach.

"Oh, God," he said. "You!"

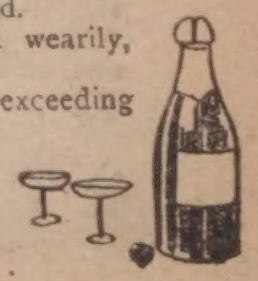
"Harry," she said, "mother is ill—dying—and wants you; and I've come to fetch you home."

Without a word he gripped her by the arm, led her out, and along the street for a considerable distance.

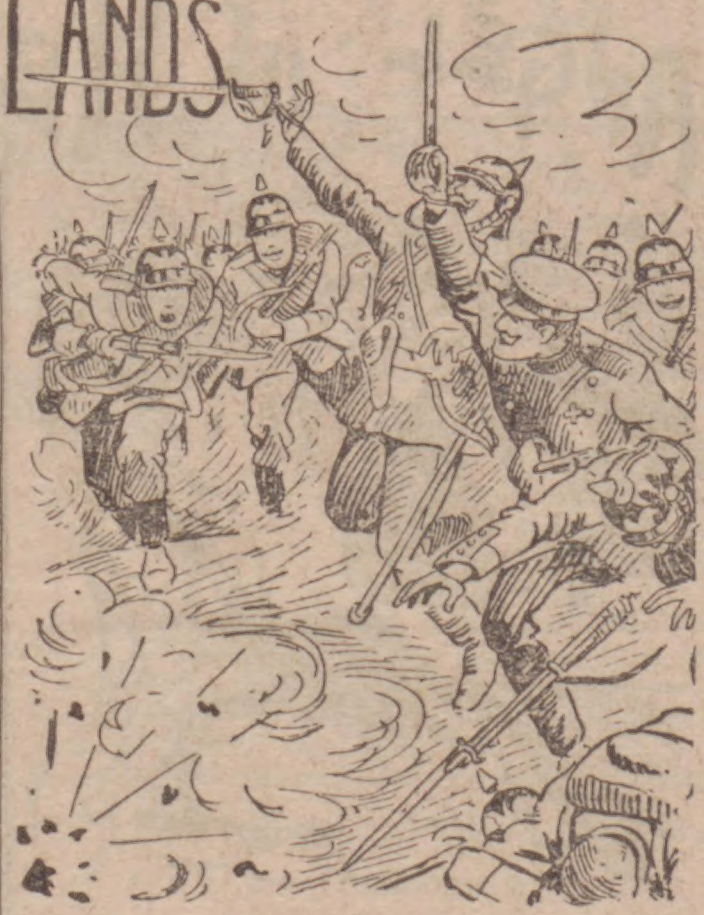
"You in that place!" he chokingly said.

"But you go there," she answered wearily, "though I don't know why."

"Does anyone?" he asked, with exceeding bitterness.



WHEN THE INVADER LANDS



AN UNSUSPECTED SOURCE OF DANGER.

It is not my purpose to discuss the probabilities or even the possibilities of the landing of an enemy's raiding force on the shores of England; nor yet to discuss the chances that such an enemy would have of maintaining a hold for any length of time.

What I do want to make clear is an unsuspected danger which practically no forethought on the part of our military authorities, and no skilful leadership of our defensive forces can either prepare for beforehand, or, it may be, cope with on the spot, if ever the danger has to be faced.

This particular danger and difficulty is one that concerns the non-military masses of the people and their behaviour under the, to them, unknown conditions of martial law.

THINGS AS THEY ARE TO-DAY.

England has for so many years been free from the attentions of invaders that the masses of the people have not the remotest conception of the sudden change that would take place in our daily lives the instant martial law is proclaimed.

Hitherto, for generations, we have been accustomed to a more or less orderly sequence of things in which the rights of the individual have been respected to the utmost limit.

We have been, of course, allowed to enjoy perfect liberty of action, movement, and speech. We have enjoyed the utmost protection for our lives and property, and the law of the land has taken its serene and leisurely course so evenly that the possibility of any disturbance of the everyday round, as we have become accustomed to regard it, has seemed too remote to be worth contemplating.

Only, we think, a few imaginative writers of fiction have written about the matter; and as a fiction that will never be reality and truth we have been content to leave the matter.

THE CONDUCT OF THE MASSES.

This being the case, then, there is good ground for the misgiving with which, in some quarters—and those, high ones—the conduct of the non-military masses of the people during invasion or raid is regarded.

It will, some think with good reason, be a horrible clash between the civil rights of the people and the urgent military necessities of the nation and the Army defending it.

With British settled convictions as to the way life should be conducted, it will be hard for a whole county, or district, to realise that, by a stroke of the pen at headquarters, and, perhaps, by a proclamation from the local market-place, or some such other similar intimation, the entire fabric of law and order upon which their lives have been hitherto founded has been cut suddenly beneath them.

WHERE NATIONAL SAFETY IS CONCERNED.

And what will they find in its place?

We will hope, to begin with, that they will realise that it is indeed the nation's safety that is involved in their conduct. Nothing less than the clear understanding of this point will avail them anything.

They will have to realise, or be made to do so by methods too summary to contemplate in piping times of peace, that instant, implicit, ungrudging, unquestioning obedience to any and every order will be expected of them. And woe betide them if they hesitate or kick.

It will be hard, nobody doubts that; very hard indeed.

The urgent military need for the conversion of a string of villages, say, into a long line of armed posts, cannot be satisfied, when the invader has landed, by the ordinary methods of due notice a quarter in advance.

No! A moment's notice is all that the inhabitants will get. When the nation is in danger methods must be summary.

The inhabitants of half a county may at any moment be sent packing to the rear, with just what they stand up in, or, indeed, lie down in, if the summons comes at night.

A HURRIED FLIGHT.

There will be no collecting of goods. It will be a flight from the scene of war compared with which that of the Israelites from Egypt was a Pullman picnic.

And, perhaps before they are out of sight, their beloved homes will have been demolished to make a temporary fort.

There will be no staying this abomination of desolation when it comes.

It will be the hardest thing in the world, first of all to realise that absolutely everything but one's body and soul must be sacrificed at the word of an officer in uniform.

It will be still harder, having realised this, to carry out the order without delay.

Is it unlikely, is it unreasonable, to suppose that, lulled as we have been by years and years of orderly peace, a howl of objurgation and objection will go up from the masses, thus rudely thrust from their homes because an enemy they do not know, and cannot see, and have no personal grudge against, has presumed to pay us an unexpected business visit?

And then the task will begin; and if obedience to a military order is not secured in one way, well, there are others—swift and sure.

H. Tarnworth.

YOUR OWN DECORATIONS.

The writer knows a man who boasts proudly that he decorated his entire house himself; and though probably not many men would be able to make the same statement, still there are a great many little decorating "jobs" that they could do themselves quite as well and much cheaper than a professional.

Does your ceiling want a coat of whitewash? Wait until you have an afternoon to spare and do it yourself. You will find it great fun—unless you fall off the ladder.

Window-cleaning is another exhilarating pastime which some not-too-wealthy householders elect to do themselves, so as to save money against next year's Budget. But it is advisable to do this in the small hours of the morning, when inquisitive neighbours are in bed.

OVER THE 'PHONE.

TALKS THE EXCHANGE GIRL OVERHEARS.

Hullo! . . . Is that Forsyth? Cardew speaking. I say, will you come over to my place to-night and have a glass of whisky? No? Why on earth not? What's that you say? The whisky I gave you last time tasted like hair-oil? (Subdued chuckles.) Why, you silly cuckoo, it was some out of the case you sent me as a birthday present last year! (Exchange interposes acidly, "Please don't use such language on the telephone!")

* * *

I want to speak to Hilda. . . . Oh, is that you, Hilda, darling? Lily speaking. I hope you're quite well, and as lovely as ever. You always look *so* pretty and radiant. Will you come out to tea with Percy and me on Tuesday? . . . You will? That's a dear. You *must* meet my Percy! He's such a sweet boy! Lovely black hair, parted in the middle, and he wears such beautiful frilled fancy shirts. What? . . . You don't like frilled shirt-fronts? . . . And your Alfred is your ideal man, because he has no hair? . . . He can't compare with Percy? What's that? . . . Percy must look an effieminate idi— . . . Hilda! I should never have *dreamt* it of you! I'm sure you Alfred looks like a white rabbit . . . and you're a nasty, ugly, spiteful cat, and *rouge* . . . and your hair is *dyed* . . . (And the receiver is slammed down to the accompaniment of sniffs and sobs).

* * *

Can I speak to Mr. Bickersdyke? . . . that—is that you, Dick? Why have you refused to see me when I have called at your office and your chambers lately? It seems so cruel, when you know what we are to one another. You were so busy. Ah, well, dear, I love you too well to stand in the way of your business interests. . . . But, now, Dick, darling, I *must* ask you when we are to go through that little ceremony together, as you—you promised? . . . But, Dick, *Dick*, you *must*! In the ordinary way, would have waited—gladly—and gone on longer in the same way . . . but there is a reason, now, that—Oh, I *can't* explain it over the wire—but surely, *surely* you can understand. I'm—I'm going to . . . *What?* You can't, you *won't* marry me? . . . *You are married man?* And you can *laugh* about it! . . . Ah, well, perhaps, Mr. Bickersdyke, a woman, even in such sore straits as I am, is really better off without such a man as you. (Voice from the Exchange: "Bother the woman! She's dropped the receiver!")

* * *

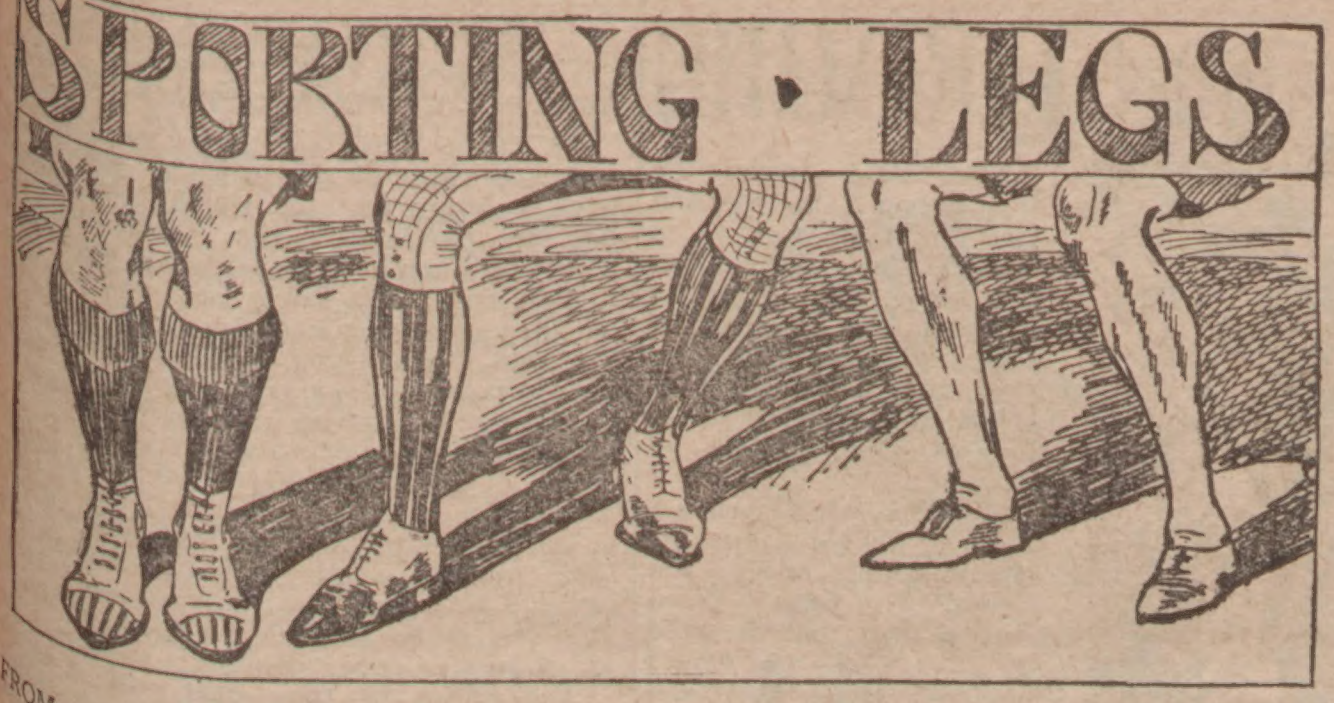
Oh—aw—are you Messrs. Latakia and Shagg. You are? . . . I'm Mr. Percival Fitz-Brokely. I—aw—want some tobacco from you. . . . Will you please send me round a hundred Corona-Coronas, half-a-pound of your one-and-threepenny mixture, and—er—yes—a thousand of your Number 3 size Egyptian cigarettes? Yes, send 'em round at once. An' not *too* much of that damn Cuba tobacco in the mixture, please! Just a *suspicion*. Oh, and—aw—I s'pose it'll be all right if I pay you at Christmas, eh? What? You want *cash on delivery*? . . . Impertinent scoundrels! Keep your infernal cabbage leaf, then! I shall transfer my custom. (R-r-ring.)

* * *

I want to speak to Mr. Larry Loudlungs, please. Yes, Loudlungs, the commission agent. You're he? I'm Tommy Noodletop. I want to put two shillings on a horse, but I don't know how you calculate the—er—odds. What? . . . If I put a shilling on a horse that starts at 10 to 1, I get 10s. and my stake back? I understand! But—but what happens if the horse starts at one o'clock precisely? Damn him! He's laughing! (Rings off angrily.)

R. Moreton-Smith.

SPORTING · LEGS



FROM AN ANATOMICAL POINT OF VIEW.

This is not an attempt to poach upon Captain Saunders' preserves. He deals with the "dressing" of the sportsman's leg, I with its "points."

Time was when a well-shaped leg was of far more importance to a man than it is now. In the days of Mr. Pickwick, to be able to show a leg," inferentially a good one, was something of a passport to Society. Then "spindle-shanks" exposed their unhappy possessor to ridicule, and while nowadays men seldom get a chance of displaying their legs except in sport, a thin-legged man is often laughed at.

Yet the prejudice against slim legs is ill-founded, although Hercules, in statuary, has tremendous legs and calves, and a weight-lifter as a rule has big legs.

SOME MEASUREMENTS.

On the other hand, "active" athletes are, as often as not, thin-legged men, or at least comparatively so. Sandow has, or had, an 18-inch calf, but Jack Johnson's is only 14 inches, though, of course, allowance must be made for the fact that negroes are generally a bit "weedy" in their lower limbs.

Corbett had a 14½-inch calf in training, while Fitzsimmons's was an inch less.

Hundred-yards and quarter-mile runners have usually powerful legs, but huge calf muscles would impede rather than help the long-distance runner.

Mr. Larner, the champion walker, has a 20½-inch thigh and a 14½-inch calf, neither of which is at all out of the common.

High-jumpers are generally lean-legged, though broad-hipped.

THIN LEGS FOR ACTIVITY.

In general terms, men capable of great feats of activity and endurance have legs which look better in hunting "tops" than Golf stockings.

A short foot and fairly high instep are other marks of the active athlete. There have been one or two instances of flat-footed champions, but they were quite exceptional performers.

The shape of the thigh is important. The best horsemen have invariably flat thighs and rather thin legs, and the lean-flanked man is generally built for speed and endurance.

Bow-legged men are often extremely fine riders, but are at a disadvantage at games, with the exception of football ("Soccer"), where they often shine at wing forward.

Their bow legs seem to help them in twisting and sudden turning, while they are not so easily charged over as their straight-limbed brethren.

Meredith, of Manchester United, for example, shows a good deal of daylight between his knees when standing heels together, and has powerful legs. Rutherford, of Newcastle United, on the other hand, is a straight, slim-legged man.

Men often pride themselves on having hard legs, but the leg muscles of boxers can hardly be too soft and pliable.

This is one reason why skipping as an aid to training for boxing should be used in strict moderation, for it has a tendency to make the leg muscles thin and hard, which is fatal to speed.

Men with thick ankles rarely excel at sports calling for great activity.

THE ATHLETE'S KNEE.

In short, the sportsman and athlete has usually a "well-bred" leg, slim, tapering, and clean-cut like the leg of a race-horse.

Such a leg goes with great nervous energy, which is of far more use than masses of muscle. The athlete's knee, too, is "clean," and has a peculiarly bony look. Men with fat, round knees are rarely active.

Your well-bred Highlander has a moderately slim leg, and Highlanders have always been famous for their dash and stamina.

So far as speed, agility and endurance are concerned, the verdict is in favour of the thin-legged man, with a neat ankle and a high instep.

HARVEY NEWMAN.

THE HACK BICYCLE.

When a man gets a new bicycle his life is misery for a month or two until he has finally reconciled himself to seeing it lose its brightness and the newness in which he originally delighted. Every spot of rain that falls upon it, every speck of mud or dust seems to go to his heart, and endless time is wasted in the fruitless task of cleaning it.

It is impossible to keep a bicycle really clean unless you are a man of leisure or unless you can afford to keep a man to do nothing else, as is often done in India.

The ideal bicycle is undoubtedly the "hack bicycle"—the machine of sound make that is "nothing to look at, but a good 'un to go."

The old days of cycling for show are done with since the advent of the motor-car, and it makes for peace of mind and efficiency if you can keep a bicycle without having to trouble about cleaning it.

A periodical field day and an occasional overhauling by a cycle-repairer will be quite sufficient to keep it in good running order, and you will have it always handy to convey you from place to place, without having continually to think of its comfort.

The bike that has to be kept spick and span and continually looked after, is more trouble than a horse—and not half so interesting.

ROYAL PRESS AGENTS.

HOW PUBLIC LOYALTY IS KEPT AT CONCERT PITCH.

It is the quiet half-hour after the evening meal. Grandpa, in his smoking-cap, luxuriates before the fire with the evening paper. Grandma is placidly knitting, mother is putting the youngsters to bed; while father—well, father has not come home yet.

Suddenly the venerable reader puts his paper down, and beams at his spouse.

"What a good fellow Prince Rudolf Hermann Adalbert von Hehnsdorrf-Donnerwetter must be, Maria," he observes, and then goes on to inform her that Prince Rudolf, &c., whilst taking a country drive, was struck with the intelligence of a little peasant girl, whom he is now having expensively educated.

But, somehow, the old gentleman does not think of asking himself how this interesting piece of news found its way into the papers. Had it been about some popular actor, he would probably have fired up at once with an expression of indignation at the way in which these blue-chins advertise nowadays. But it does not strike him that Royal persons employ Press agents. Surely such exalted folk would not deign to. He is wrong, however. The Royal Press agent is just as real a being as he who is employed to inform the Press of how Miss Dulcie Dewdrop has been robbed of jewellery worth a million or so pounds. True, the Royal Press agent is not one individual especially engaged or especially paid. There are more than one of him, and each of his separate units is a wire-puller of one of the great Party organisations.

For instance, most of our readers will remember the occasion, not long ago, when King Alfonso, happening to be passing in his motor-car through a village which had been stricken by fire and flood, had his attention directed to one man who lay at death's door and was likely to pass through it for want of some rare medicine.

"Why, by all that's wonderful," exclaimed Alfonso (or words to that effect), "I've got some in my car!" and he ran to the car, came back, administered the drug himself.

A pretty story decidedly; but we fancy that even the most innocent-minded will not doubt that the whole episode was carefully rehearsed beforehand and stage-managed afterwards by one of the leaders of the Royalist Party. At any rate, it certainly had the result of improving the King's position with the people.

Now and then a visit is paid to these shores by the King and Queen of Norway; and, though they are very welcome, we hope we will not be thought disloyal if we suggest that they might leave Prince Olaf behind in the nursery next time they come.

The Royal Press agent, who, this time, is embodied in the news-editors of the less dignified newspapers, gives us far too much of Prince Olaf. How he stands up in the carriage, clapping his baby hands with glee at all he sees, how he takes off his little cap to the statue of Nelson (a story which we, candidly, don't believe); we have Olaf in the morning, Olaf in the afternoon, and Olaf in the latest evening editions.

Though now, happily, the shock is over, the country was not so very long ago prostrated at the loss of a great Sovereign. And not one of the least vivid recollections in connection with that sad period was the enormous amount of ink shed about Cæsar, the King's dog.

There is, perhaps, only one monarch who is without a Press agent—and, in his case, it is a pity. We are referring to that divinely-appointed monarch, Kaiser Wilhelm II. If he had a Press agent to suppress the silly things he says, and to give wide publicity to his saner speeches (if any), it is long odds that His Irresponsible Majesty would be better liked by his subjects.

G. W. SOUTHEBY.

PARTRIDGE DRIVING

ONE VIEW OF THE SPORT.

If you get asked to go to a partridge drive do not "stand upon the order of your going" (nor tear up the invitation merely because you never handled a gun in your life), but go.

It does not matter whether the man who hires the shoot is a personal friend of yours or no. The fact that he has asked you to his partridge drive does not necessarily imply that he has not much regard for your skin. He is quite a good-hearted sort of man you may be sure, because, after all, according to the immutable law of averages, the odds are that you will *not* be peppered.

Therefore, you may borrow a gun or take the one which is either yours or owed for by you at the gunmaker's, and set out to the rendezvous confident that you are in for a day's good fun, very nearly as exhilarating as that before the partridges.

BAGGED BY THE NOVICE.

At partridge drives the birds are often as unlucky as the drivers are, for both cautious old birds and men who have been partridge driving before are sometimes bagged by the enthusiastic novice. Many an aged partridge, too tough to devil to-day, owes his hoary antiquity to thick Harris tweed caps (that were produced, in some cases, at the subsequent inquest).

The best kind of shooting host is the man who has a good supply of cherry brandy to hand round first of all; the best kind of cherry brandy is the sort that is not home made, and the ingredients of which you do not know for certain. You can drink it with more stomachic satisfaction, and the odds are that you will not be forced to think (as in the case of the product of home industry) that the housekeeper has handed out an old bottle of pickling vinegar in mistake.

But your spirit, you will find, is not in the mood to be soured by immatured drinks. You will accept the will for the deed freely (unless there are any lawyers about), and set out with a light heart.

ANTICIPATION.

Among all your companions, you will notice, there is a fixed purpose in the day's outing. You will be able to gather without much difficulty that they have all come out with the hope of getting such a fine bag at they did at —— on the —th of something last year.

It is conversation like this that is so helpful to the new gun. He sees himself behind a hedge banging away as they come over the brown-leafed woods. He feels in anticipation the thrill that is the essence of sport. He feels it more in anticipation than in the stubble.

Yet there is no more enjoyable sport than partridge-driving. Everyone is anxious for you to try the contents of his flask, and some of the sporting clothes of the gunners render such people as Messrs. George Robey, Wilkie Bard, George Formby, and Little Tich unnecessary. And when you go partridge driving you can calculate (by reason of the number of them you accidentally put up) just how many hares would (possibly) have fallen to you had they been your game that day.

You find, just as the man beside you is in the middle of relating one of the funniest stories you ever heard in your life, that those confounded partridges are being driven up-wind towards you. Yes. That is the worst of partridge driving, you have to spoil an enjoyable day, occasionally, by aiming at partridges.

You could forgive the interruption if the birds had risen on their own, so to speak. They don't know any better. But it is the idea that an idiot of a beater got up like a stage yokel in a comic opera is deliberately driving them towards you, that is so irritating.

And then you feel such a brute if you do happen by chance to hit one of the things. It comes down with a thud that is quite disturbing to the nerves until you get used to it, and you begin to wonder why on earth you wanted to kill the wretched bird.

Then you get a momentary vision of how it will look on the dinner-table, and you feel better.

Which reminds you that you are beginning to feel peckish, and your host's suggestion that you should all make for lunch entirely meets with your approval.

Very hungry work, partridge driving!

R. Lawson.

WEIGHTS IN BOXING.

Where men foregather, in the club or billiard-room or in the gymnasium, we often hear references to "Bantam-Weights," "Feathers," "Middles," and so on. But though we would not, perhaps, confess it, we are probably not sure of the exact weight which constitutes each class.

The five classes as divided by the Amateur Boxing Association are as follow:

		st.	lb.
Bantam-Weight	not exceeding	8	4
Feather-Weight	"	9	0
Light-Weight	"	10	0
Middle-Weight	"	11	4
Heavy-Weight	Any weight.		

THINGS YOU SHOULD KEEP.

The average man is very apt to throw away anything which is not actually useful to him at the moment and which is practically without value. But this is a mistake.

There are all sorts of insignificant things which may be of use to you at some time or other. And you may as well have them as not, even when they are not in use.

For instance, your old doeskin gloves. When they are hopelessly soiled, you throw them away. But you would probably find them very useful when engaged on some such dirty task as oiling your bicycle, or pipe-claying cricket-boots, and so on.

When you buy a new shirt, you find that the collar and cuffs are generally kept in position by little glass studs. And in many cases, you take these out and chuck them away. But some time afterwards, when your own last stud has rolled under the chest of drawers, you find yourself wishing devoutly that you had kept them.

In the same way, don't throw away the pins with which your laundress fixes up your clean shirts when she sends them back to you. Hide them under the lapels of one or two of your coats. Then when an unwontedly energetic movement causes you to split your braces in the street, you will not be entirely helpless. Dodge up a quiet court, insert a nimble pin—and the situation is saved.

REMINISCENCES OF A ROLLING STONE.

IX.—A JOURNALISTIC JONAH.

A sub-editor of the paper for which I had been working and for which I had worked out my particular "vein," left to become editor of a weekly journal which goes as near to indecency as it safely can, and he offered me the post of his assistant at £2 a week.

I kept it for seven months, and then was fired because, so they said, I was too "thick."

Through answering an advertisement for contributors to a new paper I got a job as a writer of dialogues which was worth about £12 a month to me.

When I went to see the editor I took with me a sample military dialogue. It pleased him, and for nearly a year—that is until the paper died—I wrote a weekly dialogue at a guinea a column.

The editor of this sheet was a curious chap. He was a brilliantly able man, but he had a kink in him, or rather two kinks.

For one he drank—I have met some liquor-shifters in my time, but he was the limit.

Then he could not run straight. The paper might have been going strong to-day, but for his unfortunate predilection for the crooked path.

The proprietor was a business man with a business "axe" to grind. He was quite willing to spend money on the rag and was, therefore, agreeably surprised to find how little it was costing him. This pleasing state of affairs lasted for about twelve months and then the crash came.

For no good reason, the editor, who was also manager, had been holding up accounts, leaving bills unpaid, and staving off creditors until their patience was exhausted.

Afterwards I was associated with five failures, one of which lived just three weeks, and I began to feel nervous.

The turning point came in a curious way. I sent an article to a paper without enclosing the usual stamped, addressed envelope for return in case of rejection—I fancy that at the time even a penny stamp took some finding. Six or seven weeks passed without my hearing anything, and I concluded that this effusion had followed a good many others into the waste-paper basket.

Later on I rewrote it and sent it to another journal, which published it the following week.

Alas! the first paper had not rejected the stuff, as I had imagined, but had been awaiting a favourable opportunity to use it, and the two papers came out with practically the same article on the same day.

Naturally explanations were demanded. The editor of No. 2 paper was reasonable and accepted my account of the affair, but the other chap turned nasty, and wrote accusing me of having deliberately sold the same stuff in two places. He also refused to pay for it.

I went and saw him. After a lot of strong language on both sides we became the best of friends. He said he would like me to work for him, had I any particular line to suggest? Luckily I had. I had often thought that there was room for interviews on a "new and original plan."

At that time in the average magazine or weekly "interview" you got a great deal about the interviewer and precious little about the "interviewee."

It seemed to me that an interview in which the interviewer did not appear at all might interest the public. The originality of the idea appealed to the editor, and though the public have never heard of me, I daresay I have interviewed more people of all sorts from dukes to dustmen than any other living journalist.

C. G. Bulkley.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

KERNAHAN IN THE DUSK

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

Trooper Kernahan, of the King's Own Royal Regiment, Blankshire Yeomanry, was thinking of perhaps anything but the Regiment as he sat back luxuriously in that rather novel thing in a drawing-room—a really comfortable armchair. One hand hung listlessly over the padded arm, and there was a certain softness in his eyes that his friends never saw there. His chin sunk slightly on his chest; he was looking before him over the shining occasional tables to a far corner, slightly shaded by the twilight, in which the outlines of a grand piano were visible.

Just audible also the exquisite finish of the "Chanson Triste"—and that man who never believed he had a soul above the gay lilt of a two-step or a rollicking march, felt his eyes filling as the *morceau* of classic music died away diminuendo to the last sad, tender chord.

There was no melody now but that which was echoing vaguely, but insistently enough to blot out the sound of someone crossing the room, and all else until that someone said:

"Well—my grave Napoleon."

And Trooper Kernahan was startled into consciousness.

"Napoleon?" he said, abstractedly.

"Yes. . . . I believe you are his re-incarnation. Yet, perhaps, I am wrong."

"More than probable," said Trooper Kernahan, laughing.

"I am wrong, you see," said Miss Dering, "because I am sure you would not have lost at Waterloo."

"On that form," Trooper Kernahan laughed, "the Napoleons would reign over the world to-day, to say nothing of Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and a few odd systems of the universe. . . . But play me some more, won't you?"

"The penalty for disobeying Napoleon was very severe."

She had curtsied. Trooper Kernahan felt that her face was too tantalisingly near. . . .

"Yes. Oh—or sing something," he said hastily—because he had remembered that Napoleon made his own opportunities—but he did not have to make them in an English drawing-room.

"I have yet to learn," said Miss Dering, petulantly, "that the Ladies' Nursing Corps is commanded by Trooper Kernahan, of 'B' Squadron. But——"

If Trooper Kernahan's eyes had not been set towards the French windows that opened out on to the lawn of lengthening shadows, she might not have bestowed the look on him that she did.

"But——," he echoed, just a little bitterly.

"But—— I'll sing to you if you'll promise to look steadily out of the window. Eyes—sunset-wards!" she commanded.

Some years in Squadron "B" had left their mark on Trooper Kernahan. He obeyed without further question, and lost himself again in a reverie.

He felt she had left him, and crossed the room to the piano. He felt it before his ears caught the sound of the swish of her skirts. And he continued to look beyond the elms to the pale ether-blue emerging into apple-green, with the yellow watery sunset showing up over a low cloud-bank of purple-black.

He knew that Stephen, Hall, and Carteret had by this time gathered in the lounge of the Meteor. They would be asking where he was, and that Hall, the amorous one, would be inventing extravagancies anent his whereabouts. He had met him on his way to Miss Dering's house in full war paint for the evening's drill.

Hall, Stephen, and Carteret vanished with the first notes of the piano, and softly, but very sweetly, Mary Dering was singing the words of Francis Bourdillon:

"The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the whole world dies . . ."

It was perhaps appropriate that space beyond

the cloud banks showed, high up, one scintillating star. . . .)

"With the setting sun."

Trooper Kernahan listened to the exquisite accompaniment, to the essence of the atmosphere that the words demanded.

Then, she was singing again, slowly, a little brokenly perhaps.

"The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done."

He heard the final chord of its triumphant simplicity, and a catch in the voice on the last note that professors of elocution might have considered a fault.

Kernahan was at that moment perhaps the one man in the world who knew how much greater than purity of tone was that broken melody.

In the far corner of the big drawing-room the pianist still sat. Kernahan even omitted to say the stereotyped "Thank you."

The twilight was deepening, and the elms outside were blacker against the sky, losing their green gradually as dusk fell. But the last rays of the setting sun were striking directly into the corner now, so the gold of it lit up the pianist's light hair. And, turning, Trooper Kernahan saw that her head was bent.

He rose slowly and walked over to her. Her head was still down.

"I've—I've mutinied," he said softly. "You said—eyes sunset-wards! And I'm looking at—*my* light."

He paused. It seemed as though a pretty speech was coming all too easy to his lips—the lips of the hardest rider, the finest man, the first Trooper in Squadron "B." He pulled himself up in time, and straightened himself.

"Has the groom got the trap ready?" he asked as steadily as he might.

And he saw that her face was still hidden from him, and that something was causing those straight shoulders to shake.

"Oh. . . . don't," he said, appealingly. "Don't—Mary—don't."

She lifted her head bravely, the sun's ray was gone now, and the kindling dusk shrouded in shadow that which the sun would have shown glistening in her eyes.

"You still mean it?" she asked. "All you said—last night."

"Still."

"And *that* means——"

"For me"—Kernahan shrugged his shoulders—"nothing, just nothingness. For the Squadron—ah, well, if work was never an antidote to"—he dropped his voice—"to love, dearest. . . . Yet it helps a man to forget himself and live away from himself. . . . And that is living away from the thought of you if ever that will be possible."

They had crossed to a lounge by the window. Kernahan mastered himself with an effort that brought the ice-cold dampness to his forehead.

"Miss Dering," he said clearly, "the Sergeant-Major has sent me to say that your saddlery is at the Meteor Hotel, and should you wish to take it to-night the ostler has instructions to deliver it to your groom."

The words were scarce out of his lips before, from the big entrance hall there came the sound of spurs and a light inconsequent whistle.

"'Evening Trooper," said a young man in uniform, entering.

"Good evening, sir," Kernahan replied, crisply, to the latest second-lieutenant of Squadon "B." Lieutenant Dering has already been rated "one of the best" by the Tenth Legion.

"Now if they'd shown you into the dining-room, Trooper," he said cheerily, "I would have bucked you up with a whisky-and-soda."

"But I've been playing to Mr. Kernahan," his sister volunteered.

"Have you? What—the—the—? Hanged if I can think of its name now."

"The Chanson Triste."

"Why, yes. That's it. Why didn't you give him a jolly good rollickin' march or a two-step. That's more in 'B' Squadron's line (eh, Trooper?) . . . Come—come. You won't back me up? Well of course it would be dashed uncomplimentary. And she *does* think she can play that what-d'ye-call-it thing. Let's see, you've come about the saddlery. Well, we can all drive down together. What trap is Monk taking, Mary?"

"He was only going down for the saddlery. You'll have to order the gig."

"So I shall, by George, and there's not a lot of time before drill, is there, Kernahan? I shall have the Sergeant-Major on my corns."

"Could I go down to the stables for you, sir?"

"No. You don't know the way. I do. Wait here till I come back. Mary 'll give you some more classics."

"Very well, sir."

Trooper Kernahan stood aside for his superior officer to pass.

They heard the Lieutenant's whistled snatch of "H.M.S. Pinafore" die away.

"But in spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations
He remains an Englishman.
He——"

And somewhere a door slammed. Miss Dering looked out at the increasing stars.

"It was too cruel of you—too cruel," she said.

"But—it was right," said Trooper Kernahan.

"But not here. Not in a private house. I know enough of military etiquette for that. Dick's only a volunteer officer. You don't know how each one cut me. Those 'sirs.'"

Trooper Kernahan looked at her tenderly but squarely.

"Thank God!" he said fervently. "Thank God."

She opened her lips to speak. Kernahan laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Your brother asked you to entertain a trooper of his regiment until his return," he said, "will you? Oh!—*don't.*" He put her away from him gently. "It's better so . . . Now, something . . . Yes, that 'Salut d'Amour.' I love that."

"Now, I want you to imagine something—that's going to happen soon, and its not very hard to see. Your brother is engaged, is he not? I had the honour of showing the lady the machine gun that—that the Machine Gun Section practise with when everyone's asleep, *I* should say." He laughed.

"As I said, he's engaged. Well, can you picture it all? You know. The Wedding Day. There will be a guard of honour in a long line each side leading down to the church door. Down that avenue you will pass with the bridesmaids. As you walk along it may chance that you will be able to pick out from the lines of precisely

similarly-dressed privates—(yes, privates. That's our real title under the new Act). I say you may be able to pick out one that perhaps you know best. . . . (Oh, hear me out, and play on—play on.)

"Yes, you may be able to pick that particular private out. But you will walk by him again on your way out—you to sip a glass of champagne at the wedding-breakfast, while he will be having beer—unlimited beer—beer brewed by a brewer—and dispensed in cans, all at the expense of the good lieutenant, your brother. We shall raise our tankards and drink the health of our young officer and his bride."

He paused.

"Can't you see," he whispered, "why I thank God because it cuts you to hear me say 'sir' to your brother? Can't you see what *another* marriage would be even if the opposition were got over? Look, all this has taught me just why I must remember I am a—a private. This English home, these portraits of your father and your grandfather who commanded a brigade at Inkerman . . . ."

He took her suddenly in his strong arms.

"Can't you see that I'm breaking my heart for love of you!" he murmured low. "Can't you see that this is the first and the last. . . . And that I must go—*now!*"

In the hall there was a jingle of spurs, and the voice of the son of the house singing gaily from "Pinafore":

"For he himself has said it,
And it's greatly to his credit,
That he is an Englishman,
That he is an Englishman!"

PEN AND INK "DAUBS."

The present writer numbers among his friends a man whose pictures excite the admiration of everybody who goes to his rooms.

They are mostly in the impressionist style, sketches of rivers by night, with dark trees on the bank, and, here and there, the light of a small boat showing white against the blackness. They look very effective; but their owner modestly calls them "pen and ink daubs."

Almost any man can do a fairly effective pen and ink daub after a few attempts. All you need is a small bottle of ink and a sheet or two of white scribbling paper—for preference, with a rough surface. The instrument with which you apply the ink to the paper is an ordinary spill of paper, used as a brush.

Dip this in the ink, and daub on your paper the darker objects in your imaginary picture, leaving the lighter ones to the last. A round patch of untouched paper will make a good moon, and banks of dark cloud can be introduced by a few more touches of ink.

You will probably make rather a "mess" of your first two or three attempts, but with perseverance you will probably turn out a good many quite passable pictures, which will merit a place on your walls.

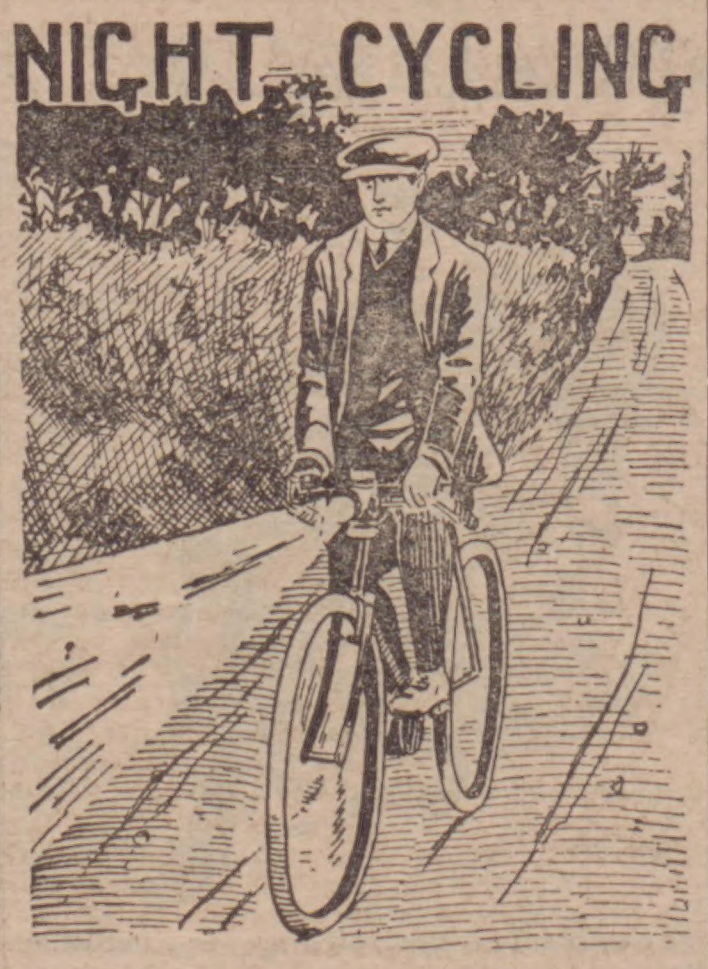
WHEN JOHNSON BIT THE DUST.

Great boxer though he is, Jack Johnson does not hold an unbeaten certificate. He first bit the dust in March, 1901, when he was knocked out by Joe Choynski in three rounds.

Then on March 28, 1905, he lost on points, at San Francisco, to Marvin Hart, after twenty rounds, and a few months later in the same year he lost on a foul to his brother black, Joe Jeannette.

More recently, the "Cowboy" boxer, Stanley Ketchell, all but had Johnson down and out.

Johnson has fought several draws, while on a good many occasions "no decision" has been the result of his efforts.



THE ATTRACTIONS OF THE ROAD IN THE SMALL HOURS.

Cycling beneath a broiling sun may have its advantages; a steady spin through the warm air of twilight certainly provides an enjoyable pastime, but for the most glorious sensation of all, for delicious uncertainty and for unexpected happenings, night riding cannot be equalled.

By night riding, I do not mean cycling in the hours immediately following sunset or the act of ploughing through evening traffic. My ideal time lies between the hours of midnight and three, and, for locality, I refer mainly to those thinly-populated districts where each passing village is wrapped in sleep, and where mile after mile flits by without a soul (other than the cyclist himself) disturbing Nature's rest.

THROUCH THE NIGHT MISTS.

The fascination of a valley, filled to its utmost with thick, white mist, is indescribable. You spin along a narrow open road, skirting the top of a ridge of hills, while at your side lies that deep basin of fog, in the obscure depths of which you know to exist the habitations of men.

But your own time for submersion is at hand, and as the grey ribbon of road takes a sudden dip into an unexpected dale you are plunged into that thick, cold atmosphere yourself.

On emerging, you find the surrounding country thickly wooded. Trees mingle their branches over the roadway, and if it happens that autumn is in its advanced stages, the skeleton-like outlines of the curiously shapen twigs conjure up strange ideas within you.

Instinctively you pedal forward at a dangerous pace in the hope of regaining the charms and security of open country.

DECEPTIVE GRADIENTS.

There are some strange illusions connected with night riding. Often, the road seems to ascend at a startling angle in front of you, while the machine free-wheels—apparently uphill. But, alas! when a glorious downgrade seems to open out before you, the pedals begin to stick, and it needs hard work to make any headway.

It may be that you are returning over the road you traversed earlier in the day—or, rather, on the previous day. In the outward journey loose stones seemed to impede your progress at every point along the road, and you conducted something like a little obstacle race in dodging them.

Yet now, in the depths of night, with a lamp carried merely with the object of rendering you exempt from a fine, no detail can be distinguished on the ground. So you push recklessly on, and, strange to say, the machine seems to pick out the clear path, and in this operation it is far more successful than was its rider when outward bound.

For unknown country roads, however, a strong lamp is almost indispensable. Often a road is "up" or its repairs are but half-finished. As the road does not exactly merit the title of highway, the authorities seem to consider red lights of warning quite unnecessary. Many a nasty spill has resulted from the action of a speedy cyclist dashing into unmade macadam.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Then there is the repair outfit. A man unfamiliar with the ways of cyclists would imagine mention of this subject to be quite needless. Yet the number of riders who trust themselves out in the early hours, far away from civilisation, without patches, solution, and chalk is astonishingly great.

Many a cyclist will you meet plodding along a deserted lane with a punctured tyre, twenty miles from anywhere, after midnight.

His thanks and praises when you offer the loan of an outfit could not be greater were you a saint especially sent to succour him.

After these two all important items comes the desirability of having the next most useful thing—a companion.

While a lonely night spin has its moments of inspiration, so also it can give a melancholy fit of the "blues," or, worse still, the "jumps."

A companion may be put to innumerable uses. Together you may admire those strange freaks in which Nature indulges while man sleeps; you may comment on the weird odours that arise from haystacks, clusters of trees, and miscellaneous vegetation, and you have a witness to prove the strange stories to be related of that adventurous ride.

A. DONNELLY AITKEN.

A MAN'S LEISURE HOURS.

Why is it that so few men know how to take their leisure really sensibly?

The average man—the man of muscle rather than any overplus of brains—spends his leisure in the field of sport or in the gymnasium. He has been working hard in his office or workshop all day, and he works hard or harder at his play; but if you told him he was burning the candle at both ends, he would laugh.

The brainy man, the novelist, the scientist, the barrister, or the journalist, spends his scanty allowance of leisure racking his tired brains over some problem play.

The man who has to work either manually or mentally, should take his leisure in the form of complete relaxation, either of body or brain.

BRAINS IN BOXING.

In a considerable number of sports and games you will hear men talking about the value of playing with your head; and in none does this apply more than in boxing.

In boxing, if you are to be any good at all, you must use your brains. The man who learns a few rules of attack and defence, and then sets himself to put them mechanically into practice, will always be a mediocre exponent of the fistic art.

To win a boxing contest you must out-general the other man, you must lead him on to put himself momentarily at your mercy; and when he does this, you must make all possible use of the chances he gives you. Hence it follows, other things being equal, that the "brainier" man will always win.

SPRINTER · IN · THE MAKING

OVEL TRAINING THAT MAKES FOR SPEED.

ough, of course, there are men who will never be good ers, it is practically unde- that the really fast runner product of training and not ture. The sprinter is not but made.

ways of "making" him are and most of them are materi- similar, but perhaps the best is wildly divergent from the ity, and we will give it here. st of all, when the average decides to take up sprinting, es so with a sublime disregard e condition of his muscles. forgets that sprinting is no nor less than a short but t effort of muscle and *will* the same way as lifting a t.

e muscles must be got into condition gradu- before doing any sprinting proper. Think f strengthening the muscles of the legs, back, houlders. Walk as much and as energetically ssible; run occasionally distances up to half , not too strenuously, and exercise with dumb-bells on the following system.

in with the arms, using dumb-bells of 1lb. in each hand. Imitate in your exercise otions of the arms in running. Stiffen them, p them just a little bent at the elbow, and hem backwards and forwards, so that an is felt upon the side, and in a lesser degree g.

THENING THE MUSCLES.

forearm should pass quickly *across* the which should be held fairly stiff; and a sing increase will be made in the quickness r stride.

, too, of the muscles of the ribs and der. They come in for much more work hardship than the casual runner would ne—especially at the present season of the

inter, racing against the wind, will often great soreness and stiffness next morning in s and shoulders, while his legs perhaps may te unaffected.

e sort of bending exercise, stretching down ays and touching the ground with the dumb- is excellent for the purpose in question.

best way of moving the legs in a sprint is ject which always evokes a torrent of dis- n when it is mooted among a company of ers, for the style varies with the man.

e men have been known to do fast times g bandy-legged, others run nearly flat- , some move with a swing from side to side; thers spin along easily in the classic "daisy- ng" style.

AND ACTION.

ou have a strong leaning towards any par- r form of movement, it would be almost o alter it; for a runner is almost always d if his natural action is interfered with.

never forget the one great *sine quâ non* of ng, stepping *low* and *short*.

p yourself as near the ground as possible, training, increase rather than lessen your t, so as to attain that end.

only will fairly heavy weight increase your us, but it will assist you to keep your stride to the ground, so that you will waste no y in a high action, but will clip the daisies, were, with your toes.

not affect a lengthy stride. Six feet is quite h for any sprinter, and if you can keep that limit throughout the race so much the for you. Towards the end of the hundred yards, however, your supreme efforts to increase your speed will be such as to make you overstep the six-foot limit, but do not overstep it more than you can help.

A professional sprinter's movement, at any rate over the first ten yards or so, looks almost like walking. There is hardly any lift of the knee, and apart from the jerking of arms and elbows, there is little appearance of hurry.

Practising without your usual spiked shoes should not be indulged in, and while attired in ordinary walking costume it is hardly advisable to "take on" any of your friends who wish to test their own prowess in comparison with your own.

In training there is no need to follow any distinct rule as regards style. I have witnessed races in which huge men with elephantine strides, thin runners who keep their hands opened out throughout the entire race, and other innumerable varieties of the sprinter, have all given good accounts of themselves.

There is quite as much individuality about the runner's style as there is about the action of a cricketer, or the tactics of an association football player, though, perhaps, this is not often realised.

G. MILLWOOD.

DETERMINATION AND OBSTINACY.

There are two essentially human qualities between which it is particularly difficult to distinguish. These are determination and obstinacy.

But as a general rule the former is a sign of moral strength, whereas the latter is generally the concomitant of weakness of character.

The man who insists on doing the things that please him, or that he thinks will cause inconvenience to those whom he does not like, fondly fancies that he is a determined man. But he is only obstinate.

But the man who rigidly sticks to what he considers is right, be it pleasant or distasteful to himself, has the enviable quality of determination.

BRUISES.

Practically every athlete sustains a bruise now and again; but there are a good many who are not quite clear in their minds how to treat these minor but distinctly painful ailments.

The best treatment, bar none, is the application of intensely cold water. Its effect is to contract the small blood vessels and thus lessen the outpouring of blood under the skin, for the effusion of blood is the actual cause of bruises and also of the swelling that generally accompanies them.

Ice, too, should be continually applied to the injured part; or if this is unobtainable a "cold-water pad," frequently changed, should be used. A spirit such as brandy or eau de Cologne is a good thing to mix with the water for the "pad," for its evaporation will increase the cold.

If the bruise is a bad one, it will take some days to get rid of. After the first day or two, the ice or cold-water pads may be discontinued and gentle rubbing resorted to instead.

If possible the injured part should be supported in a raised position, in a sling, or on a chair, for rest considerably hastens recovery.

RUGBY GIANTS OF THE PAST.

THE OLD BRIGADE AND THE NEW.

The question is often raised whether present-day Rugby players are as good as their predecessors of the seventies, eighties, and nineties. It is an unprofitable query, because no practical comparison is possible, Rugby having changed so greatly in tactics. Still to an "old crock" it does seem that there were giants in the old days whose like has yet to be seen again on the Rugby field.

Our first "giant" was a little man, o comparatively so. I refer to Mr. A. R. Don Wauchope, the old Fettesian and Scottish International half, or quarter-back, as he was known in those days. Englishmen will probably set the late Alan Rotherham or Adrian Stoop of the present against Don Wauchope. Great players both, but neither they nor anyone else ever equalled Don Wauchope in "jinking" power. Very fast, he could dodge in the most wonderful manner at top speed.

I fancy Mr. W. Maclagan's record of thirteen seasons in International football has been surpassed by both Mr. A. J. Gould and Mr. W. J. Bancroft, but still the ex-Scottish captain's achievement is a remarkable one. Maclagan was a great three-quarter and a superb "general."

Continuing with Scotsmen, the late S. C. Lindsay, the Lorettonian, has probably never been equalled as a scoring three-quarter on a winning side. Very fast, he was a great opportunist, and also a most deadly drop at goal.

Mr. McEwan of the Edinburgh Academicals was an exceptionally fine forward; said to have been the strongest man ever seen in that position, which is saying a good deal, for the forwards in those days were chosen mainly for weight and strength.

Merchiston Castle trained the MacMillans and Neilsons, families long powerful in Scottish football.

From Glasgow came the Orrs, who, for many years, "farmed" the position of quarter-back for Scotland.

English football is indissolubly associated with the name of Dr. Leonard Stokes, who won eternal fame by dropping a goal against Scotland from well within his own half of the ground. The feat has been approached, but never equalled.

Then there was Mr. Harry Vassall, the "father" of combination and passing at Rugby.

The most attractive three-quarter I ever saw in my life was Mr. R. L. Aston. He was a very deceptive runner. Although fast, he scarcely seemed to be travelling until he was on and past you, and he could swerve quite as cleverly as any modern Welshman.

In present-day Rugby it is not easy to find an equal to Lockwood, the Yorkshire three-quarter, while Valentine of Swinton was another very fine three-quarter.

Among old timers in the pack E. T. Gurdon and W. N. Bolton were the leaders of many an English side. I doubt whether at the present moment there is a forward as good as either.

"Sammy" Woods was another great forward, whose compeer it is hard to find to-day.

England has had some good full backs, but surely none better than H. T. Gamlin.

Irish football gives few names well known on this side of the Channel, but L. M. Magee was a half-back of the first class, and Ireland is still looking for a worthy successor to him.

A. J. Gould "made" Welsh football, and still stands out by himself. Bancroft is a veteran, but probably Wales will rely upon him as full back in this season's Internationals.

Welsh football, of course, is of comparatively recent growth, so that old timers are scarce, but if we count Gwyn Nicholls as one of the "Old Guard," it is doubtful whether his superior will ever be found.

It is impossible, alas, to pit the Internationals of twenty and thirty years ago against those of to-day; but if it could be done under equal conditions, my money would go on the "old brigade."

F. MERTON.

THE COMPARATIVE MERITS OF MOTORING, CYCLING, RAILWAY TRAVELLING, DRIVING, AND WALKING.

There were only three of us, sitting over a cup of coffee and a cigarette in one of those places facetiously called "dens of Lyons," and we were due back at the office in twenty-three minutes.

Nevertheless, we had time to discuss many things, and the bone of contention on this occasion arose out of the week-end experiences of one of our number.

He, by the grace of God and the possession of a few rich friends, had spent Saturday and Sunday in a high-powered, roomy, comfortable motor-car careering along the Bath road and making sundry deviations down into Berkshire and Wilts.

As often happens with one who has just gone through a new experience, he was what is colloquially called "full of it."

He had come to the conclusion, he said, that motoring was the one thing worth doing. It was the only way of seeing the land we live in.

THE MOTORIST'S STANDPOINT.

He thought he knew something of the fascination of rural and provincial England, he said, but when he got into a motor-car England at once became a newer, stranger, and much more beautiful place than he had ever imagined before.

Hitherto he had been forced by the cursed need of pence to see scraps of the land from an excursion train, or from the comparatively uneasy saddle of a bicycle. He had never been a walker, so he knew nothing of this method of seeing England. And he was laying down the law with word and action, thumping the marble-top table in such a way that the pretty waitress looked uneasily at the crockery, fearing an almost inevitable smash.

His vehemence led us to a more restrained consideration of the merits of all the methods of seeing country.

THE FREEDOM OF CYCLING.

The cycling enthusiast among us, of course, stood up for his way. He pointed out how very simple it was to penetrate into byways where no car and few walkers ever strayed.

Moreover, the cyclist was a little elevated above the ordinary level, and could thus see more of the country through which he passed. Hedges to him were no barrier, and his eyes could roam over far landscapes as he pedalled steadily through county after county, taking in at a glance the delightful varieties presented by the always changing lie of the land.

We were fast becoming convinced that the cyclist had the best of it, after all, when a fourth enthusiast joined our group. He had listened attentively to the cyclist and waited patiently for the conclusion of the sermon.

Then he came down on the cyclist's arguments like a hundred of bricks, devastating at a blow all the fine resolutions the rest of us had made to hurry off to Holborn Viaduct to choose our new machine.

"Next time you are on a bicycle," he frigidly remarked, "just time yourself to see how many minutes you spend in an hour looking over the hedges."

And he hazarded a suspicion that not ten minutes in an hour would be so spent.

"The fact is," he continued triumphantly, "the habit of watching the front wheel and the few yards of roadway just ahead of it is so strong and so necessary, that there is no chance of watching the panorama of scenery as you go along. You are for ever fearing to run into a brick, over a nail or into a ditch so that you cannot keep your eyes off the front wheel for more than a yard or two at a time."

VIEWS FROM THE TRAIN.

When we came to think of it we had to admit to ourselves that this was perfectly true. The cycle alone is not an armchair from which to view scenery. To try to do so is to court disaster.

"It is much the same as trying to walk along a perfectly straight path with your eyes shut. You fear non-existent obstacles and you are forced to open your eyes. Just try it and you'll see."

The railway train was next suggested as a better means, and was voted, in some ways, an improvement on the cycle.

But the railway has an irritating way of running into a deep cutting just when the culminating view seems to be about to open before one, and then all is spoiled in the bewildering rush past of objects too near to be distinguished.

And another objection was that railway travelling only gave side views. The approaching view, or a receding landscape is alike invisible, and train-travelling is thus robbed of half its value as a means of seeing the land.

SLOWER METHODS OF TRAVELLING.

The walker, it was recognised, had many advantages over the man using any sort of mechanical means of locomotion. But the objection raised against walking was that in so many cases the walker was enclosed between hedges or banks, or both, and was thus frequently unable to see much farther than the end of his nose, or the turn in the lane.

The driving enthusiast joined us, before he left, to stand up for his own particular pastime, but the majority were agreed that he suffered most of the inconveniences of the other sportsmen without enjoying the advantages.

The driver, he said, sat higher than cyclist and motorist, but, of course, he could not travel the distance.

He dwelt on the charms of the mixed smell of horse and sweat and leather that was wafted past you as you held the reins in the high-wheeled dog-cart, but, as we pointed out, that had nothing to do with seeing the country.

Perhaps the suggestion thrown out at the conclusion was, after all, the secret of the matter.

"You cannot find any ideal way," said some wiseacre. "You should combine cycling with walking, and both with field-glasses. That's the best way."

James Marshall

A MAN'S POCKETS.

The student of character can often find considerable interest in the contemplation of his fellow-men's pockets.

We are told that if you see a man with bulging pockets, you can fairly safely put him down as an artist. If you see the outer edge of a man's trouser-pockets very much frayed you can be sure he continually keeps his hands in them, for the friction of his shirt-cuff has worn away the cloth. Lastly, if you observe a man to be carrying blue chalk in his pocket, don't play him a hundred up, he is probably "hot stuff."

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

There are already many thousands of members of the League scattered all over Great Britain and the Colonies, and every one of them is the sort of chap who would make a good friend in a tight corner—if he weren't, this paper would not appeal to him.

The wearing of the league badge, which is supplied at cost price in various forms, gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1s
Gold-plated safety-pin	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	1s
Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain	

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, The Modern Man, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of The Modern Man League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

RICK'S PROGRESS

A SKETCH.

By E. HAMILTON EDDING.

Rick Hemsby had a new blue suit (made by a Colchester tailor) to celebrate the occasion. His father bought him a fine razor in the same town, and Rick, in exchange, gave his father a halfpenny to obviate the evil effects of the latter, as all wise people know, are sure to follow edged gifts. They drove him to the little country station in a trap drawn by old Andrew, the horse-of-all-work to the village store. This, being the property of the local [illegible], was more of a smart-looking thing than the shafts than the clumsy, lumbering [illegible] that hauled all sorts of carts and agricultural cultivators over Farmer Hemsby's little bit of land.

As Rick, bedecked in the blue suit, sat as passenger in the trap, some village girls whom he had caressed lightly upon various occasions in the Lover's Lane, waved to him and Rick promised in a cheery voice to send them all a postcard from "the City." Yes, that was it—London!

It happened that a very quiet (but wonderfully knowledgeable) gentleman, an occasional visitor to the Essex sea-coast village, had kept his promise. He said he would find an opening for Rick (whom he considered worthy of something better than the village White-[illegible]). And that is how Rick came to have the new blue suit, the razor (which had no particularly laborious work before it in the immediate future) and the smiles of the village. In Weylam and around the marshes he was a personality—a topical note.

Then St. Paul's Churchyard received him into its maw and the City digested him without effort, for a Rick Hemsby diet to the City is as very clear beef-tea is to a hungry navvy.

And we lose the personality. . . .

A little nervous, as is becoming at first in a new hand, you must figure a young man seeking to efface himself and at the same time to look as busy as possible, behind a conveniently stacked fixture in a wholesale cloth warehouse that has its own mills up north, and boasts of the fact that it supplies direct from the mills to the trade.

* * * * * * *

That was in the autumn.

Peeps into that wholesale house at any time of the working day thereafter find Rick—admittedly a young man of promise—very hard at it, for the wholesale trade in this line calls for muscle and some agility in fetching down elliptical rolls of heavy suitings. He has acquired the agility, it is easy to see, and the home farm at Weylam gave him the muscle many a healthy day agone.

On such a working day there comes, of course, its close . . . and as time goes on Rick's upper lip curls ever such a little more at the phraseology of his fellow-workers, who, dispensing with their warehouse coats and waistcoats, slip the paper from their cuffs, reach down their second-best lounge jackets, and say:

"Well—let's go and get a breath of fresh air, Cocky."

Fresh air! The east wind blows it, smelling of ill-kept stables, from Cheapside; the west wind has the stronger petrol taint, and, on all sides, there is the reek of tea-shops and restaurants, over-savoury and humid, suggestive of frizzling chops or stewing coffee and gusts of hot vari-flavoured breezes. . . . Fresh air!

And now the truth must be written.

Four months of it have satiated Mr. Richard Hemsby of Weylam! His letters home are not so loud in their praises of this London that was so very wonderful to him at first—this great place where there was room . . . where one could think of such things as getting on in life without being limited to one narrow street or to success like that of Old Green, the storekeeper, who is reputed to have a thousand pounds in the bank. In this place one talked of thousands in double figures; of business loans; of making twenty per cent. on capital for which you were paying five per cent.—and thus becoming in time a being called a Big Pot. One talked of it. That, Rick noticed, was as far as one seemed to get.

A Christmas at home saw him coming back after the festivities, reluctantly. He had put his teeth into the good foodstuffs of the low-lying country again. He had smelt of its untainted air. He had drawn in the damp mists of the marshes and it had been as oxygen to a sick man.

At such times he did not exactly insist on slaying the obliging quiet gentleman on sight. He felt sorry for him because he was not of the marshes also. Had he been, surely he would not have acted in such an unfriendly manner as to provide that opening?

But Rick's place had been filled at the Stores, or he would surely have been tempted to suggest that London did not suit him.

It was a very heavy heart that he had to take back to the City. But necessity is a grim mistress. The luxury of London had shown him the pinched poverty of his own little home and made it clear enough that, with the land what it was, Farmer Hemsby wanted no out-of-work son loafing around.

Yet, when the spring came, and the fresh, wet pavements of the City gave him an occasional waft of the drenched marshlands and the overflowing dykes; when the sun glinted on the dripping roofs and sent high lights of yellow dancing along the gurgling gutters, then he cried for the reality that was beyond the rain—for the green fields, for the new-grassed marshes, for the young frogs, hopping over the rugged dyke-banks after the rain shower.

Sniffing up delightedly all that came to the City of fresh air in the spring, he would walk fancifully along Cheapside, and thence by the Royal Exchange and Broad Street to Liverpool Street Station. (All this when the others had departed homewards in deep sunk Tubes and by skidding petrol-incensed motor-'buses.)

Once in the least dirty station in London, he would take up his stand behind some pillar that supported one of the upper cross-bridges and watch those fortunate men who, having been "up for the day" were going back home to Essex, home to the marshes, home to the free, wet air and the call of the reed birds.

He did not come forward even when he saw one of his friends, slouching along in the old, peaceful way of Weylam, and fumbling for the green ticket that gave him the right to a seat in "the old 6.55," that never-changing home train. He knew it was a weakness. But, deep down, Richard Hemsby was a strong man. His nature countenanced anything but abject failure—anything but riding for a fall.

A tender regard for the 6.55 pointed to something perilously near that. He beat it squarely after a fortnight's fighting. He *beat* it.

* * * * * * *

You must figure the spoils of that victory represented on Rick in the form of a town-cut suit of the very smartest description. You must gauge also the size of that victory by the fact that even the Colchester blue suit faded into obscurity (and a certain just greenness to tone with what Rick was able to recognise as his extreme verdancy in choosing a badly-dyed serge, in those days of sartorial inexperience).

He found that his instinctive business thoroughness having put him in front in spite of himself, he could not go back. The nightly watching of the departure of "the old 6.55" had been a lapse—but out of business hours. His one vice had been a penchant for lurking in the vicinity of the tweeds because they brought the country back to him. The manager put him on to sell them to the buyers, because he knew just the classes of sport, of field and country wear, for which they were strong enough or suitable. In the old days he had earned his expert opinion knowing not he was earning it. And in the warehouse almost before he was aware of it they had established him as an authority on tweeds.

The rest came naturally with an evening dress suit—an odd length sold him at under cost price by the head salesman in the cloths and creditably turned out by the little Borough tailor, who made up at a reasonable figure the suitings brought him by the employees of the Firm. The evening-dress suit in these far better-paid days took him westward, where the pleasures of artificiality—the lights, the bands, the luxuriously upholstered lounges and restaurants—served as a propitious introduction to the more material delights of good wine and well-cooked food.

Later, when he was "Mr." Richard Hemsby, the mainstay of the Firm and its right hand, he found that he could give the look back to big eyes, brown eyes, blue eyes, that darted questioning glances over menus—the eyes of that sisterhood who to some men are an item, to others a tragedy.

But Richard Hemsby was not of the others.

Thus we leave him, reformed, because we have heard him say to one such—Item:

"I remember when I was for chucking all this—the music, the lights, these little dinners, *You!* . . . Heavens! what a fool I must have been!"

* * * * * * *

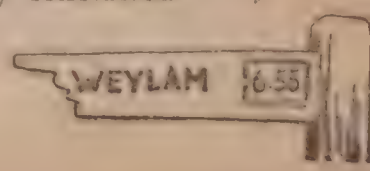
From which it appears that a second reformation will be necessary before Rick's progress comes to its satisfactory conclusion.

REMEMBER!

That you can buy or sell anything by using our Readers' Sale and Exchange page.

That your advertisement need not cost you more than a shilling.

That you are talking to the sort of man you want your announcement to reach.



MY NOTEBOOK.

TWO YEARS OLD. With the publication of this number THE MODERN MAN is exactly two years old, and for that reason I have devoted this week three columns, instead of the usual two, to "My Notebook," for at such a time I feel that the element of personal friendship between myself and my readers is stronger than ever.

As those of my readers who have followed the fortunes of this paper from the beginning are well aware, it is that mutual sympathy that has made the paper what it is. My readers have backed me up magnificently, and I on my part have done everything in my power to make the paper exactly to their liking.

At such a time I am specially conscious of the kindly assistance that my readers have given me, and on such an occasion it may be that their interest in this paper is even more friendly and personal than usual. It is for that reason that I have devoted a portion of this page to a reproduction of my latest photograph.

IN UNIFORM. Exactly twelve months ago, at the request of many readers, I reproduced my photograph, and I had it taken with two of my best friends—my horse and my dog.

Since the publication of that portrait, many of my readers have suggested that on our second birthday I should reproduce another photograph of myself, this time as a Territorial, and I have, therefore, much pleasure in doing so. The reproduction is necessarily crude, for paper of this quality is incapable of carrying a half-tone picture of fine texture, but, all the same, you may care to have it.

PHOTOGRAPHS. I must confess to having a very keen liking for photographs.

Many of my readers have been good enough to send me photographs of themselves, and I treasure them very much. I also like the old photos which I possess of myself, for a glance at them brings back to memory the time when they were taken. Whenever I glance at old photographs of myself, I remember not only how I felt at the moment, but also precisely what the operator said and did, and how he looked.

Usually in photographs—I don't know why it is—I come out looking particularly solemn. It may be because I am not very fond of being photographed. On this occasion, however, solemnity is, I think, conspicuous by its absence. This is due either to the photographer's ability, or to his lack of humour.

"Now, sir," he said, as I stood before his camera, "look pleasant."

I did my best.

"Hurry up," I said, "because this expression hurts."

"I'm very sorry," he said, "but you needn't keep it up very long, sir. I'll be finished in a moment."

He took my protest so seriously that I smiled genuinely, a thing that I have always felt it difficult to do in a photographer's studio, which, to me, has always seemed a place somewhat akin to a dentist's operating room. Then, while I was still trying to refrain from a broader grin, he photographed me, with the annexed result.

One of my friends on seeing the photograph suggested that all I lacked was a wink, and that then the photo would do very well as the frontispiece for a volume entitled "The Bad Boy of the Family," which volume he was unkind enough to add I might very well produce by simply dictating parts of my autobiography.

Don't believe that there was an atom of truth in his suggestion, for, of course, there wasn't.

Very Sincerely Yours
The Editor.

Copyright Photograph] *[by Secundus Ward, 147, Strand.*

THE PROGRESS OF THE PAPER. Our progress during the past year has been more than satisfactory. The important step which I took in forming the business into a limited liability company has been completely justified.

The shareholders have taken an active and personal interest in the success of the paper, with the result that our circulation has increased by many thousands a week.

To these, my fellow partners, I must offer a special word of thanks for the efforts that they have made on behalf of the business; but I must also thank very kindly those readers who, though for one reason or another they have not become shareholders, have yet done their utmost to further our interests.

I may say that, apart altogether from the supplies of posters sent to the wholesale houses, we are now sending out well over 2,000 posters every week direct to newsagents who have been persuaded by readers to exhibit them. This is a tremendous help in making the paper known, and I am very much obliged to those who have assisted me in this respect.

Readers have also helped me very much by introducing the paper to their friends. Those who are in athletic clubs have special opportunities, and have used them to further the interests of THE MODERN MAN, and of the good feeling that it is our object to foster; those lacking such special opportunities have done what they could by persuading a friend here and there to buy the paper, and by introducing it to the notice of casual acquaintances.

To one and all of them I offer my most sincere thanks.

OTHER HELPERS AND FRIENDS. I am very much debted also to the personal interest which so many newsagents have taken in this paper. I can tell fairly exactly how many copies are sold each week in each town, and it is surprising how large the circulation is in some towns in comparison with their populations. The results in such places are due chiefly to the enthusiasm of readers and newsagents there. I offer my best thanks to them.

In the success of a paper, however, there are others to be remembered besides these, and I take this opportunity of expressing my indebtedness to my contributors, and to my staff, who have worked so enthusiastically with me, and to work with whom has always been a pleasure.

Personally I have never spared myself, and I have done everything in my power to bring this paper to the success it has now attained, but the credit does not belong to me, so many of my readers but to those who have worked whole-heartedly at my direction.

In the production of a paper such as this there is required the enthusiasm not only of one man but of those who assist him—the writers, the artists, the editorial, the printing, and the publishing staffs. I am glad to say that this enthusiasm has always been forthcoming, and it is a pleasure to give the credit to whom it is due.

I trust that you find the paper better now than it ever has been, and I hope to make it much better still.

It is by following the principal of co-operation that we shall attain that object.

Let us work together, I and my staff giving our whole time to the interests of the paper, and you putting in a good word for it when opportunity occurs.

Some men have never heard of this paper. Will you introduce it to them?

To each and every one who has assisted me I offer my very warmest thanks.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

SOME OF THE BEST.

... a further instalment of the roll of members of ... MAN League in order that those who sympathise ... deals of good fellowship and good sportsmanship that ... he has done so much to foster may get into communica... with one another. We shall be glad to hear as soon as ... of any errors or omissions, and these will be rectified in a ... entary list.

...POOL (...).
... HAYNES, 18, Whitley Road, Bryan Road.
...ELSBY, Grand Hotel, S.S.
...ACKSON, 1, Regent Square.
... KERR, 5, Handsworth Road.
...MITCHELL, 84, Egerton Road.
...NICKSON, Station Hotel, Talbot Road.
...E. SALISBURY, Grand Hotel, S.S.
...C. WHITHAM, 150, Palatine Road.

...WATER.
...KING, Chellow Dene, Hawley.

...WOOD.
...KERRY, Grove Cottage.

...NAVON.
...HOLLIFIELD, 80, High Street,

...AU FESTINIOG.
...HOMAS, 8, The Square.

...OWRIE.
... Mrs., Castlehill, Rattray.

...ORD.
...Y, 6, East Street.
... WESCOT, Bryanston.

...YRE.
...ULLIN, Watts Land, High Blantyre.
... Campsie View.
..., 124, Main Street, High Blantyre.

...ON-ON-TYNE.
... FAIRLAMB, 132, John Street.
...26, Front Street, Winlaton.
...DDLE, 10, Parliament Street, Winlaton.

...ON, 6, Hamilton Street, Cowpen Quay.

...N, 79, Willows Lane.
...ON, 135, High Street.
...TIN, 69, Gibraltar Street.
...EWICK, 15, Lyon Street.
...OOTH, 36, Chalfont Street.
...PTON, 650, Blackburn Road.
...VISON, 61, Thynne Street.
...APER, 47, Virgil Street.
...GARSDEN, 302, Deane Church Lane.
...HARDIE, "Engledene," Green Lane, Great Lever.
...EATON, 253, Deane Road.
...HOPPER, 127, Newport Street.
...HUGHES, 16, Cestrain Street, Great Lever.
...JAMES, Eagley Mills Schools.
...ATHER, 11, Lena Street.
...VE, 97, Fletcher Street.
... 15, Todd Street.
...IS, 67, Higher Bridge Street.
... Northern Grove.
...SON, 253, Leigh Road, Westhoughton.
...ON, 62, Haydock Street.
...EN, 210, Radcliffe Road, Lever Bridge.
... 26, Poplar Street.
...ENSON, 110, Wellington Street, Deane Road.
...T, 3, Manchester Road East, Little Hulton.
...MERTON, 21, Keighley Street, Church Road,
...HITTAKER, 6, Wickliffe Street.
...WILLIAMS, Eden Orphanage, Astley Bridge.
...AUKINS, 18, Higher Swan Lane.
...WILSON, 93, Mornington Road.

...RYAN, Distillery Building.
...GREEN, Brae Terrace, Bridgeness.

...OUTAUCHE, 8, Crete Street, Marsh Lane.
...MURPHY, 39, St. Andrew's Road.

...AM WOOD.
...IRBY, Tarley House.

...WASH.
...OMFIELD, New Cottages, Nottingham Road.

...ME.
...AME, G..., Herbert-st Road, W. Southbourne.

...N.
... PANT, Widnes Bank.
... Lane, Stockland.
... 4, Grove Street.

... ALEXANDER, North Street.
... HORTHERN, Queen's Bridge.
... JACKSON, 8, Gladstone Street.

...EMOUTH.
...EN, 158, Shelbourne Road.
... MILLS, Marrington, Alma Road.
... ROE, "Lea Hurst," Frances Road.

...NELL.
... BROWN, 1, Searle Street.
... FLETCHER, Oak House.

...ORD.
...Mannville Terrace.
...AGE, 564, Horton Lane.
...TEMAN, 28, Clive Terrace, Grange Road.
... BENTLEY, 15, Retford Place, Horton.
...BLACKWELL, 62, Northampton Terrace.

(To be continued.)

SPORTING STORIES

GOING! GOING!! GONE!!!

It was in a city auction room, and the light-fingered gentry were present in abundance.

Farmer Oatmeal, up from the country, was an early victim, but he soon discovered his loss.

Not wishing to create a scene, he quietly addressed the auctioneer, telling him that he had just lost a twenty-pound note, and offered five pounds as a reward to the man who would return it.

When the next "priceless gem" had been disposed of, the auctioneer announced the loss.

"A gentleman amongst you," he began, "has lost a twenty-pound note. He will pay five pounds to the man who will return it."

"I'll give six," said a voice from the far end of the room.

OLD FRIENDS.

Sternly the magistrate regarded the shifty-looking defendant.

"Where have I seen that face before?" he asked himself. Then aloud, he continued, "Have you been here before?"

"Nosirneversir," replied the unfortunate one.

"Have you beheld me before?"

"Ra-a-ther."

"Have you seen me frequently?"

"Ra-a-a-ther."

"H'm, and what's your trade?"

The man significantly caught hold of a spike on the bar before him.

"Please, sir," he said, "I'm 'ead barman at the Bricklayers' Arms."

HEARD IN THE CIRCLE.

MRS. TURTLEDOVE: "What an ugly creature man is! Look at all those bald heads in the stalls."

LOVING HUSBAND: "Shows how they use their brains, my dear. Hair never grows where there is perpetual motion. D'y'ever see a woman with a beard."

A TAKE-IN.

"Did Mr. Pimptown, the gentleman from London, take that fence?" asked the M.F.H.

"Oh, yes, sir," replied one of the whips.

"But I thought you told me he rode very badly across the meadow."

"That is so, sir," said the whip.

"Then I cannot see how the gentleman was able to get the horse over such a fence."

"But the gentleman didn't," said the whip, and a smile flickered on his impassive countenance.

"Then he couldn't have taken the fence."

"Yes, he did, sir," was the reply, "but he left the horse on the other side."

VERY INSTRUCTIVE.

[We recommend this column to the notice of those readers who are thirsting for information on points of vital interest.—ED.]

Question: Can you tell me what has attained the highest rate of speed yet known?

Answer: Such a question, Hughie boy, is very creditable to you; for it shows an earnest desire for instruction. Very fast "times" have been done by steam-engines, motor-cars, and aeroplanes; but they are not the fastest movers in the world, by any means. For instance, what can run so quickly as a bill?

* * *

Q.: How can I choose between two pretty girls whom I am equally fond of?

A.: A difficult problem, Willoughby, but not impossible of solution. Toss up for it—and send the other one along to us.

* * *

Q.: Is it true that the sun never sets on the Empire?

A.: Certainly not, Claude. It is only a boastful Jingo statement, to which no credence should be attached. As a matter of fact, the Empire is not open in the daytime.

* * *

Q.: How can you tell the right man to marry?

A.: That depends entirely on what you want to tell him, Emily Maude. No, it is no use your making eyes at us. Fretwork is our hobby nowadays.

* * *

Q.: Can you give a good, short, and pleasing after dinner speech?

A.: Certainly, laddie. You have come to the right professor first shot. You can evoke rapturous applause after dinner simply by remarking, "Put it all on *my* bill, please, waiter." If by any chance you fear nervousness, dear child, we shall be quite pleased to let you practise the speech once or twice on *us*. An appointment could be made any day for the Trocadero or elsewhere.

* * *

Q.: Why is a broker so called?

A.: Clarence, the ineptitude of your query is such that we shall stop your bread-and-milk for a week. Once and for all, the name is given to him because he is an adept at making people "broke." An alternative title is a "stoney-broker."

J. GORDON HOOD.

RILEY'S BILLIARD TABLES.

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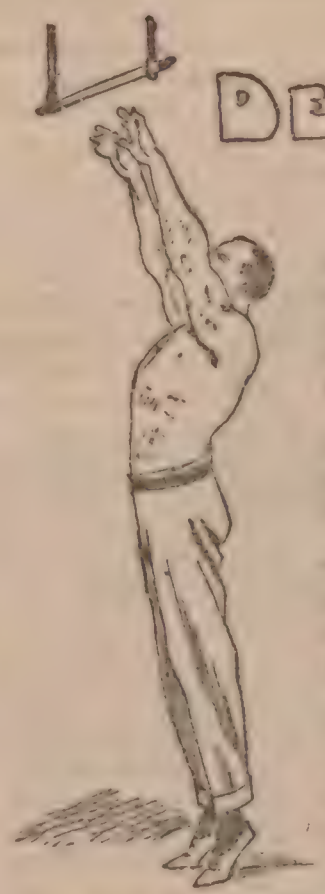
RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT



A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

CHEST EXPANSION.

It has been said that nineteen people out of every twenty breathe incorrectly, and it is estimated that from seventy to a hundred cubic inches of air always remain in a man's lungs.

Thus only from twenty to thirty inches of "tidal air" are enabled to pass out at each breath.

Anyone having the slightest regard for health and appearance should acquire the habit of taking long and deep breaths, so allowing a large quantity of oxygen to fill the lungs.

The air should be inhaled slowly and steadily, and should be allowed to pass out at a similar rate.

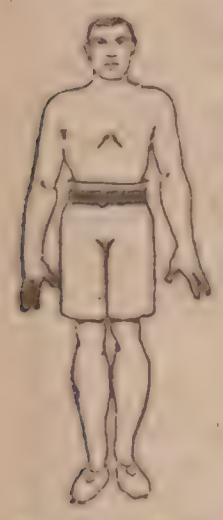
Of course, all strain should be avoided, but it must be remembered that anything which tends to fill out the lungs to their greatest capacity causes the ribs to open apart, stretches the intercostal muscles and expands the chest.

In all the exercises I have given in these pages for the enlargement of chest measurements it will be noticed that I have always impressed upon readers the necessity of holding the chest as high as possible and keeping the neck erect and rigid.

Sparring and steady running are good exercises for the development of the chest.

FOR FINGERS AND FOREARMS.

This extremely simple exercise is one that is quite useless unless you concentrate your attention on the movements of the muscles exercised and put your whole energy into it.



Don't clench the fists tightly.

Stand erect with the arms at the side as in the sketch, and the hands lightly closed.

Now open the fingers vigorously stretching them as far apart as possible, keep them extended for a moment and close the hands again.

Repeat the process about half-a-dozen times and then extend the arms horizontally at the sides and again open and shut the hands in the same way.

Then extend the arms in front of the shoulders, and finally above the head, and go through the same movements.

All the muscles of the arm will be greatly exercised by this apparently simple process, but especially those of the hand and forearm.

The exercise might to advantage be practised in connection with, or be followed by, one of those exercises for the grip which I have given in past numbers.

If a special exerciser or grip dumb-bells are available, so much the better, but if not the softened tennis-ball that I have previously recommended will meet the case.

The exercise here illustrated, however, is not, it should be noted, primarily for the grip, for the fists should not be clenched tightly but only lightly closed.

SEAWEED BATHS.

Rheumatism and gout are not, or should not be, a young man's complaints, but there are many men who develop a tendency to suffer from them before attaining even middle age.

Such as these may be glad to hear of a simple remedy which is not at present known to many besides the fishermen on our coasts.

This is nothing more or less than the seaweed bath, which is stated by a high authority to be as efficacious as any remedy known to the medical profession.

At most of the seaside watering places, especially on the south coast of England, one can find on the shore the common "grass" seaweed which, like various other kinds, contains in its constitution a large amount of iodine.

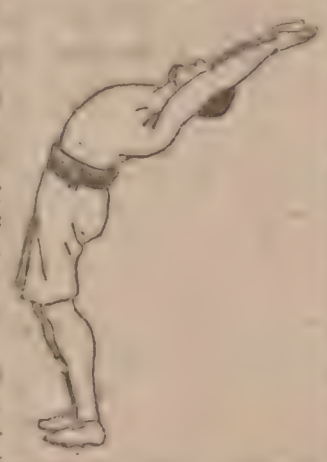
This can be boiled out of the seaweed, and if the affected parts are bathed in the hot water in which it has been steeped, relief will soon be felt. The same seaweed can be used over and over again if the liquor is not thrown away, so that a small quantity of seaweed will last some time. This should not be difficult to obtain for those who spend an occasional holiday at the seaside or have friends residing there.

A BODY DEVELOPER.

This exercise will impose a considerable strain on the muscles of the abdomen and back, but at the same time will prove an admirable developer for the whole trunk.

It is best practised at first with the hands on the hips, until the requisite balance and suppleness are acquired.

Stand erect with the heels together and the hands resting lightly on the hips, thumbs to the rear.

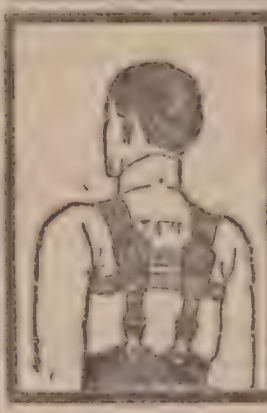


Try it first with the hands on the hips.

Now bend backwards as shown in the sketch, keeping the legs together and unbent at the knee. The flexion should come entirely from the waist, the legs being inclined forward so as to maintain the balance.

Having practised the movement in this position several times, place the open hands at the back of the head and repeat the same movements.

Finally, extend the arms above the head, linking the thumbs together and keeping the palms to the front. Bend backwards in the same way, keeping the arms always in a straight line with the body.



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'Supporter' Brace

An Absolute Cure for Stooping and Round Shoulders.

It helps to strengthen the chest and lungs, without causing any strain. Made for both ladies and gentlemen.

Price 4s. 6d. post free.

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Dept. A,
154, King's Cross Rd., W.C.

THE LENGTH OF MAN'S LIFE.

Three-score-and-ten was never meant to represent the limit of man's life. A man of seventy, provided he has devoted a small portion of his time to the development of his muscular organs and has given some thought to what he shall eat and drink, should not even think of throwing up an active existence at that age.

It is interesting to note that Fatodius divided life into four sections.

Infancy, he maintained, extended to the twentieth year, when the tissues assume firmness and youth begins.

Virility, commencing at the fiftieth year, lasts until the seventy-fifth, when old age sets in.

Dr. Farr made a slightly different division, giving boyhood from 10 to 15; youth to 25; manhood to 55; maturity to 75; ripeness to 85; and old age from 85 upwards.

INCH

"Britain's Strongest Man."

Health is within your reach. I can put you in possession of the most priceless gift Nature can bestow—a physical condition which will enable you to enjoy and get the most out of life. A healthy man is a thousand times more to be envied than a rich man. Money is only of value for that which it will purchase.

Health is the True and Only Wealth.

It is within my power to give you that abundance of health and high spirits which alone make life worth living. A few minutes' exercise daily upon my improved and scientific system of Physical Training will make all the difference between mere existence and real life to you.

I cure **under guarantee** all such conditions as *indigestion, constipation, insomnia, general debility, emaciation, obesity, rounded shoulders, lung weakness, weak heart, &c., &c.*

You are certain to eventually turn to the Inch System for the realisation of your ambitions regarding health and muscle

WHY NOT NOW?

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DO IT NOW!

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Physical Culture Expert (Dept. M.M.), Munster House,
676, 676a, FULHAM ROAD, LONDON.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT IF——

King Manoel of Portugal had shown fight to the insurgents.

* * *

Lord Kitchener had got married.

* * *

"Dr." Crippen had stayed at home.

* * *

Mr. Lloyd George had been born a Hereditary Peer.

* * *

Mother Adam had preferred oranges to apples.

* * *

Bart Kennedy had studied grammar.

* * *

Miss Maud Allan had been compelled to wear more clothes.

* * *

Some of the Suffragettes had been more attractive to the sterner sex.

* * *

Mr. Balfour could find time for other conversations than golf.

* * *

Mr. Hall Caine could get his mind to run to healthier subjects.

* * *

H.M. Kaiser Wilhelm II. could keep a command over his tongue.

* * *

The members of the Y.M.C.A. were really good.

* * *

Lord Northcliffe had never been born.

* * *

"Mixed" rinking had been prohibited in the same way as bathing at some seaside resorts.

* * *

Ex-President Roosevelt had never learned to use a gun.

Mr. Lewis Waller had been born with bow-legs and a squint.

* * *

Some of the Socialist leaders had been wealthy men.

* * *

Mr. Plowden had been gifted with a sense of humour.

* * *

There had been no such place as Limerick.

* * *

Zbysco had studied the principles of THE MODERN MAN.

* * *

Mr. George Edwardes had been able to pass his Army exam.

* * *

A certain Scottish comedian had not been such a lauder of his own powers.

* * *

The Barry-Arnst sculling race had been contested on the Thames.

* * *

The Progressive Party in Constantinople had not been such Young Turks.

* * *

Jim Jeffries had trained more and talked less.

* * *

Lieutenant Sutor had not made out such a good case.

* * *

The Government had spent more money on the Territorial movement.

* * *

Samson had contrived to "keep his hair on."

* * *

Father Bernard Vaughan had not been compelled to take the vow of chastity.

* * *

Some of our lady footlight favourites had had bad teeth.

* * *

John Burns were on the throne.

We had all been born with fortunes.

* * *

Some labour agitators had been strangled as infants.

* * *

We couldn't conceal our thoughts.

F. J. WINDHAM.

LAMPS IN DIGGINGS.

It adds immensely to the pleasant appearance of diggings if there is, in the evenings, a well-trimmed lamp shedding a soft, comfortable light on the surroundings. Gas and electricity are all very well, but there is no comfort in either, so far as appearances go.

Both tend to show up and emphasise the fact that the rooms you are sitting and working or eating in are not your own; that they are, in fact, diggings. Bare corners are shown up, shabby furniture is rendered shabbier, and the "artistic" level of the pictures on the wall is brought out with deadly effect.

But with a good oil lamp, well kept internally and externally, and, what is of equal importance, well shaded, the entire aspect of the barest room is changed by night.

A good lamp costs anything up to 25s., according to its size, and a shade will cost half as much again, but these prices are for big lamps for big rooms. Very much less money will buy a most artistically designed and serviceable lamp.

Red is the shade most suitable for diggings. Its glow is the most suggestive of real comfort and peace. If you want a lamp to do its best, it must be your own special care. Wicks need careful adjusting, chimneys need polishing, and the oil should be internally applied only. The best lamp with an exterior smeared with oil is a nuisance in every way. To get the best light from your lamp, do not cut its wick every time it is lighted. Pinch or gently rub off the edge of the wick that has become hard and incinerated.

HAPPY IS THE WIFE

50 PIECES.

whose cutlery basket is full of bright, silver-like spoons and forks, knives, etc., always enough to go round when a few friends call, or at a party at Christmas time. Why not let your wife have enough? Why not make her happy? She does not like the idea of always borrowing when a few friends call in. We offer you a parcel of **50** selected articles, just what are wanted in every household—a grand selection of forks, spoons, knives, etc.—for **22s. 6d.** cash, or on convenient payments—**2s. 6d.** monthly.

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2/6 with order, 2/6 on receipt, and 8 monthly payments of 2/6.

EACH PARCEL CONTAINS 50 ARTICLES, as follows:

6 Table Knives.
6 Dessert "
6 Table Forks.
6 Dessert "
6 Teaspoons.
6 Dessert "
1 Pair Sugar Tongs.
1 Butter Knife.
1 Sugar Shell.
1 Gravy Spoon.
1 Soup Ladle.
1 Fish Slice.
1 Fish Knife.
1 Pair Meat Carvers.
1 Steel.

50 for 25/-

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CIGARETTE, CIGAR, and PIPE LIGHTER, 2/6.

Don't worry your friend every time you wish to smoke. Don't take the wife's matches every time you go out, have a light of your own, a patent light, the light which never fails. Buy one of MASTERS' AUTOMATIC SELF-LIGHTING POCKET SAFETY LAMPS, and your "light" troubles are over. This Pocket Lamp will give you **2,000 LIGHTS.** It is simplicity itself. Press the button at the side, the lid will then spring open, and at the same time the wick will light. The handy companion for Cyclists, Smokers, for everybody. Always reliable, fine or wintry weather. Will burn continually for 50 minutes, and can be refilled; actual cost, ONE FARTHING A MONTH. Will last a lifetime. PRICE ONLY **2/6.** (Postage One Penny Extra.) Send P.O. to day and own one of these time, money, and temper saving mechanical Self-Lighting Machines. Your Name engraved, 6d. extra.

2/6

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THE WILD WIND.

The wind in one's face makes one wise.
—PROVERB.

Many people, more especially ladies, actively dislike a stormy wind. This is not merely because it tousles their hair. A woman is often most fascinating in the dishevelment of a storm.

Women dislike the wind because it is rude and violent. They may admire strength, but they abhor brutality, and the wind can be ferocious.

Other people, both men and women, dislike a great wind because it, or rather its multitudinous sounds, depress them. They find no pleasure in the eerie song of the wind—wild and fitful as any Hungarian Tzigane or Highland lament sobbing through a darkening glen—but only an abiding melancholy, even a shuddering horror.

RECOLLECTIONS.

But many men delight in a blustering gale, and I am one of them. I believe the affection dates from the fall of the Tay Bridge. I was but a child at the time, and many miles from the scene of the disaster, yet well do I remember that night.

There was a sense of doom abroad. I remember I was taken from my cot and brought down to sit in front of a great fire, which fizzed and spluttered as snow was driven down the chimney.

I can see my mother's anxious face, and hear the shutters rattling. My sailor brother was on the waters, and I lisped the hymn "For those in peril on the sea."

Dread was in the air. Our old black cat, a most sedate creature as a rule, went quite mad, and tore up and down the house.

Then came a gust more violent than any predecessor, a sort of seventh wave of a tidal wind that shook the house to its foundations. Before that mighty blow from Nature's fist, I learned afterwards, the bridge went down, carrying with it the doomed train. The horror of the thing has never quite left me, yet I love a great wind, possibly because at the bottom of my heart I fear it.

THE FURY OF A TORNADO.

Ugly pictures crowd my mind when a gale whistles round my eaves. Once I saw the aftermath of a tornado. The path of the wind was no more than two yards broad but it lacked nothing of majesty. It was as if some giant reaper had taken his scythe and cut a narrow twisting swathe through a field of corn.

A man had stood in that lane of death and what was left of him was scattered to the four winds. Great trees were snapped clean in two.

The freed devil had touched the corner of a house; the dwelling collapsed like a house of cards, and the galvanised iron roof was found six miles away. Yet outside that ribbon of ruin all was calm.

The mysteries of angry Nature make one feel uncommonly small.

HOW TO ENJOY A STORM.

There are two ways of enjoying a storm. One is by your fireside, with locked shutters or close-drawn curtains, a kettle spluttering on the hob, and the creature comforts of a man ready to hand. You want no other company except perhaps that of a book.

Many people, as I have hinted, dislike the sounds of the wind round a house, but me they fascinate.

Why it is not easy to say. In a sense they arouse ignoble emotions; a sort of Pharisaical spirit which makes you thank God that you are not as other men are—wanderers on the deep, belated wayfarers on the mountain top, or homeless outcasts cowering in some narrow doorway.

But the wind beating at your windows may inspire a nobler feeling, a sense of triumph. Let the wind buffet and billow as he will, you are at least temporarily his master. He cannot break down your defences.

A yard away and you would be the wind's helpless plaything, but he cannot cross that charmed circle. He knows it, and the knowledge maddens him. He circles round and round seeking a weak spot and finding none. He blusters and threatens; storms and curses; whines and pleads, but in vain. He can raze a forest, snap a bridge in twain, or lift a river from its bed, but he cannot harm *you*.

FANCIES THE WIND INSPIRES.

Undoubtedly there is pleasure in listening to the wild wind from the security of a well-built house.

On the whole, however, it is a lazy man's enjoyment. The roaring wind makes you dream of strife and conquest. You see yourself riding the storm, you picture yourself lashed to the wheel safely guiding the straining vessel through an almost impossible channel, or perhaps you fancy yourself as the daring aviator, eclipsing all records, and harnessing the wind to your white-winged car.

Or perhaps the uncanny symphony of the wind rouses the occult in you. You dream of piercing Nature's innermost secrets, of tearing aside the veil that shrouds the unknown.

OUT IN THE OPEN.

Properly to enjoy the wind you want to face it, not passively, but actively. A trudge against a stiff gale is a tonic of tonics, be it Nor'-Easter or Sou'-Wester.

Aviators tell us that part of the supreme exhilaration of flying is the rush of the wind, and in a greater or less degree we can all experience that.

For worry, anxiety, or the "megrims" there is nothing like a walk in the teeth of a gale. It blows the cobwebs away, and braces one mentally, physically, morally.

The fighting instinct rises as the wind tries to master you. Buffeted, blinded, blown from one side to another, you struggle gamely on, determined not to give in.

And then when the fight is ended, and you step out of the wind, what an incomparable sensation! It is like stepping from the hurly-burly of Fleet Street into the cloistered quiet of the Temple, only a hundred times more so.

There are many kinds of pleasant tired. There is the lulling, languorous fatigue comes after a long day's hunting or game of football, when after a hot bath sit and smoke before a roasting fire.

That is good, and it is good, too, to a long chair and sip long cooling drinks hot summer's day after three fierce sets tennis, but the fatigue produced by against the wild wind savours of the exqu There is the physical relief. Taut-strung few moments before, you are now an stretched bow. The wind seems to scoured your eyes. They feel as if they new.

BETTER THAN THE SEA.

The wind has taken a huckaback to your soul as well as to your body. body tingles from the friction and your tingles, too. Tired though you feel, you full of electricity, absorbed from the wild wind.

A battle with the waves is great think a struggle with the wind is even After all, when you go swimming you to dry and dress yourself, and some taken off the edge of anticipation of But you can step in a moment from with the storm to perfect stillness, and this abrupt transition that is so fascinating

To me a great wind is a message of You see it sweep away dust, and rubbish things great and little.

It transforms the whole scene. It an end of pettiness. Small thoughts small anxieties disappear in the roaring gale. From its strength you gather It stirs the pulse and the imagination the weary man go bathe himself in wind and he will be rejuvenated.

NORMAN FRASER

SHAVING UP.

There is many a man walking about plaining that his face feels so "sore shaving, and buying all sorts of "after creams" and "emollient pomades" forth to alleviate the trouble.

He fancies that his skin is naturally tender and although this is quite possible, it is probably not the only, or even the chief of the trouble. He is probably a victim "shaves up."

No doubt the practice of "shaving" or against the run of the hair, gives cleaner shave; but it is painful; and, long run, harmful to the skin. Watch barber, and you will never see him shave Strop your razor before using it, dip and again in boiling water, and shave —i.e., with the run of the beard. The will find that feeling of soreness disappear by degrees.

If your skin is really very tender obtain great relief by dabbing the face shaving, with a solution of boracic acid

CINEMATOGRAPH CHEEK

Cinematograph operators are allowed Hyde Park, but only on condition that they not attempt to "take" the people.

The other day, however, a cinematographer was caught breaking this rule, and was told clear off. He protested that he was doing no wrong. "Oh, yes, you are," was the answer; "you are taking the people, which is not allowed." "I am doing nothing of the kind," he retorted. "I am here to get a view looking from Apsley House, and if the people will get in front of the camera, I cannot help it. I don't want them. They spoil the landscape."

Meanwhile the machine was clicking merrily, and though he was turned off in time enough, he had by that time secured an excellent picture of the fashionable throng.

A Good Eye in Sport

WHAT IT IS AND HOW TO OBTAIN IT.

"*Jones?* Oh, he's no cricketer," you will often hear a man say. "He hasn't an atom of science; but he has a good eye." And your previously rather exalted idea of Jones's prowess as a cricketer suffers a certain diminution; but for all that Jones goes on smacking "sixers" over the ropes and whacking away past long-leg for four.

On the football field, too, you find Jones "shooting" with admirable judgment, passing so that the ball lands exactly at the other man's toes, punting the leather that comes to him hard and the volley well out of the danger-zone round the goal. You dimly begin to correct these marvellous feats with those qualities of "eye" which your cricketing friend spoke about.

JUDGMENT OF DISTANCE AND SPEED.

The actual qualities that go to constitute a good eye are not theoretical, but undeniably practical; and we propose here to analyse them as far as possible.

A "good eye" signifies not only good eyesight, but a ready sympathy between the senses and the muscles, and the unhesitating submission of both to the jurisdiction of the brain.

Indeed, perfect eyesight is by no means a *sine qua non*; as will be understood when you take the case of more than one first-class cricketer that he wears glasses. It is not so much the hitting-power of the eye, as its power of judging distances and speeds that constitute "a good eye."

How are we to develop this desirable attribute? First of all, it has been satisfactorily established by scientists that the eye is ordinarily at its best and truest when its owner is very cool and collected, and when he is at the opposite extreme—*i.e.*, violently agitated. In the same way, a man who has been training strictly will find his eyes working well in the respect under discussion; as will, strangely enough, the man who has "had a few drinks," and though not quite drunk, is not very far off. Such a man will play quite a good game of billiards, for instance.

METHODS OF TRAINING.

Shooting at movable objects is one of the finest possible forms of training the eye; for judgment of speed and distance is called upon by it more than by any other sport. In judging distance a good plan is to guess the distance of any object, and to verify it afterwards by measurement. It will not need much of this practice to make you remarkably accurate.

A well-known Cambridge Blue who specialises in ball-games advises men with all sincerity to make as much use as possible of their imagination at different times. The aspirant after a "good eye" should, he says, imagine a ball moving towards him at cricket, imagine himself fielding it or "playing" it in some way or other.

But as far as games go—and it is with these that our readers will be most concerned—the chief secret of success in acquiring a "good eye" is correct position, chiefly of the feet, but in a lesser degree of the body as well.

HOW IMAGINATION HELPS.

Take, for instance, Association football; and imagine yourself about to kick a ball which is moving towards you at great speed. You possibly have to run towards it to prevent an opponent reaching it first. Well, you have to calculate the number of steps you must take, so that at the moment of kicking, your weight may be well supported on your non-kicking leg, and so that both your feet—*and your body*—may be in the easiest possible position for delivering the kick.

You judge these things almost unconsciously. You have no time to count or consider; but when your foot meets the ball, and sends it sailing three-parts the length of the field, don't forget to thank your stars that you have "a good eye."

JOHN KEITH.

SOME FAMOUS "OUTSIDERS."

This year's Great Ebor Handicap was won by Claretoi, who started at 40 to 1; and the victory goes to swell the already large list of outsiders who have won big races. One of the most famous was Jeddah, who won the Derby some years ago at 100 to 1, and the same race in 1908 provided another surprise when Signorinetta won at an almost equally long price. But it is distressing to think of these long-priced winners, when, as in the writer's case—you had nothing on.

THE FINEST WINTER OVERCOAT EVER DESIGNED

FRONT VIEW OF THE OVERCOAT.

THE magnificent appearance of the cavalry soldier is largely due to the cut of his Overcoat, or, as he calls it, his "cloak."

Realising this, we requested Captain Saunders, who conducts the "Outer Man" page, to assist us in designing an Overcoat which would be suitable for civilian wear, and which would also embody the distinctive cut of the cavalry Overcoat. He very kindly consented to help us with his advice, and THE MODERN MAN Overcoat is the result.

It is cut very full from the waist downwards, so that it fully protects the knees and legs when travelling by train or motor.

The collar is very deep, giving absolute protection to the neck in the roughest weather.

The back is fitted with a reversed box-pleat, which gives perfect freedom of movement to the shoulders.

A half-belt enables you to bring in the waist as much as you desire.

This is absolutely the finest thing in Winter Overcoats that has ever been offered.

The materials are Irish Friezes, Grey Cheviots, Fleeces, and Blue Beavers, all of the most fashionable texture and colour, and in infinite variety.

For such a coat you would be well served if you were charged five guineas, for it requires much more than the usual amount of material. We shall supply you with one, however, at the astonishingly low price of

Patterns and Self-Measurement Form sent free.

63/-

Your money returned in full, without question or dispute, if you are not ... entirely satisfied ...

BACK VIEW OF THE OVERCOAT.

J. & H. ELLIS, *The Firm that fitted the King,* **20, Farringdon St., London, E.C.** (close to LUDGATE CIRCUS).

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The National Share Exchange has paid its clients nearly half-a-million (£500,000) and can do it again. The amount paid away (in exact figures £427,150) is clear evidence to the man or woman who asks for proof, rather than words, that this institution looks after its clients. We retain our clients by the profits we make them. Will you share in the next half-million (£500,000) we distribute?

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BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

TRAINING AND BUSINESS SUCCESS

Success in business depends to a large extent upon a man's mental equipment—the experience he has had, and his faculty for using that experience to the best advantage. There is, however, a physical element which must not be neglected, for upon a man's physical fitness depends the amount of his energy, and upon his energy depends his ability to put his knowledge to profitable use.

It is difficult for a man who is engaged in business from 9 till 6 each day to be as physically fit as a professional footballer or as muscular as a professional strong man. I do not think that for the business man any great degree of muscularity is necessary. Large muscles are ornamental, but they take a good deal of keeping up, and I think that most business men will agree with me that, so far as commercial fitness is concerned, greater regard should be paid to the general health than to the muscles.

Some exercise is, of course, necessary, whether it be a daily ten minutes with dumb-bells or chest-expander, or a bi-weekly round on the links. The character of the exercise and the amount of it will necessarily depend upon a man's inclinations and opportunities, but sufficient exercise is as requisite to him as sleep and food.

In the matter of sleep, there are some men who can refresh themselves with remarkably little, five or even four hours' being in certain cases sufficient, but these men are exceptions. The average business man needs seven or eight hours' sleep, and he is unwise if he allows theatre-going and other things to keep him out of bed so late that he fails to obtain this amount of repose.

I would not have it thought that I condemn the theatre, for I consider that such amusements refresh and strengthen the brain in exactly the same way as sport and exercise refresh and strengthen the body, but it is unwise to take from rest in order to give to Paul, and a man should not indulge in late evenings unless he knows that he can lie in bed a little longer next morning.

As to food, here again everything depends upon the person concerned. For my own part, I consider that meat is a necessity, and that strict vegetarians are cranks; but, at the same time, I know several successful business men who make a habit of taking a midday meal that is practically vegetarian, although they take meat at other times. Their reason for making a vegetarian midday meal is that they find it easier to digest, and thus they avoid the usual afternoon heaviness.

On the other hand, there are many men to whom a vegetarian diet would be indigestible, and who would suffer if they indulged in it.

It is, therefore, necessary to find out your individual requirements as to diet, and to restrict yourself to those things which suit your own case.

In the course of the year the average business man has only a week or a fortnight in the way of holiday, with an extra week-end in the country now and then. Such holidays in themselves are not sufficient to keep you in condition, but you can attain this end by devising and strictly following a system of exercise and diet that best suits your needs.

In this way you can keep yourself physically fit, and even although you are an indoor worker, and the hours you spend in business, instead of being a burden to you, will become a pleasure—more or less.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

MILLIONAIRE WIRE-PULLERS.

Although business on the Stock Exchange has not increased much during the week, there has undoubtedly been a much better tone in all markets, excepting in the case of South Africans, which appear to do nothing but fall in price.

Rhodesians, especially, are quite hopeless. The big South African houses have played the share-pushing game for all it is worth, and most of the shares so placed will be quite worthless in a years' time.

The system adopted by these millionaires is a wicked and cruel fraud on the small country investor, and something ought to be done by the Government to put a stop to this form of swindle.

Of course, there are a few sound concerns in Rhodesia; but seventy-five per cent. of the companies will never pay any dividends, and in course of time their shares will become quite worthless.

This fact is well known to big South African houses, and their whole business seems to consist of getting rid of the shares to a confiding public as quickly as possible. The man who can invent some new method of foisting this rubbish on the public is a great asset to the South African millionaire.

I have been advising my readers against these shares for some time, and, although there may be some bargains to be had, they are few and far between, and consequently I think the market is best left severely alone.

If the investing public will leave the South African millionaires to "hold their own babies," their game will soon die a natural death.

PLANTATION RUBBER.

Investors ought to turn their attention to the shares of sound and promising Rubber companies, and they will find that plantation rubber, even at 2s. per pound, will pay far better than over-capitalised Rhodesian companies which are looking for gold, not in the ground, but in the pockets of British investors.

MORE ABOUT MEXICANS.

Mexican Railway Stocks keep good, and the wash-out on the line is of small consequence.

As the intelligent investor is naturally devoting some study to Mexican concerns, I wish to call his attention to the five per cent. Gold Bonds of the Mexican North-Western Railway, now about eighty-five.

This company was formed for the purpose of providing the mining, grazing, and agricultural regions of North Mexico with railroad facilities, and also for acquiring and developing timber lands and carrying on a lumber business. The carrying out of these objects is yielding satisfactory results, especially the lumber business; and, as the directorate is of the very first class, the bonds appear to be a real bargain for those who like a safe investment, with considerable prospects of improvement in price.

The principal reason why these bonds are so cheap is because the issue, which was made in May, 1909, was not a public success, and the underwriters were left with the debentures, which they have had to realise in the natural course of their business. The interest is payable on April 1 and September 1.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. H. (Torquay).—Oil shares have had a severe shake, but will probably recover shortly.

A. R. (Sheffield).—I advise you to take no notice of the circulars. If Essequibo shares are worth 9d. to them they should be worth more to you.

M. S. (Manchester). — National Mexico issues are being absorbed in good quarters. I think you should hold.

T. R. (Lincoln).—Mexican North-Western five per cent. Gold Bonds at about eighty-five would probably suit you.

B.L. (Poole).—Glad to hear you bought on my advice. Hold for still better prices.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

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THE LAST ROSE

A SEASIDE STORY.

By C. J. NEWTON.

It was a perfect autumn day in October. Seaward the sky was entirely blue and innocent of cloud. The waves perhaps were not so playful as in the summer-time, but now they were engaged upon more serious work. They were not making holiday. Instead of tinkling on the shingle by the seashore they broke upon it with something of determination which, at the distance at which the Last Rose was sitting on the cliff, made it sound something like thunder.

Above that seashore was a natural golf-course, about which many unnatural things were said. After all, the Last Rose only added one small swear word to its account when a badly-driven ball whizzed past his ear.

"I'm sorry, sir. I'm sorry, sir." A fat little man with a bag of clubs slung over his shoulder hurried up, mashie in hand. "Have you seen my ball? Deucedly dear they are in these days. Half-crown apiece. This cursed rubber boom, you know."

"Have I seen your ball, sir!" exclaimed the Last Rose, indignantly. "Why, I might have been asking you the same question about my eye, sir! And *that* might have cost you a bit!"

"Not at all," said the little man absent-mindedly, as he raked tufts of sand grass for his lost treasure. "Glass eyes much cheaper than golf balls—much cheaper. Cursed nuisance this rubber boom. (You don't play golf, sir? You don't live.) Yes, just going for the Eighteenth, I was—all square with Colonel Bogey, you know, and a chance to finish up not more than, say, one or two down. And here I've lost the ball."

The Last Rose had observed a man, who had elected to walk on the beach below with a banjo-case, pick up something, but he refrained from saying anything about it to the golfer.

"Perhaps it went into the sea," he suggested.

"Ah, very likely. I'm in form this morning. Not a soul on the Links, and the pro.'s drunk. This place should have a winter season you know. I shall write to the 'Telegraph' about it."

"Don't," said the Last Rose. "They'll send you their municipal advertising rates. I know. I've had some. I've tried to get up a winter season for various little shows. Look at this scene of desolation, sir—this waste (Yes, pray sit down). All over that gorgeous stretch of sand there ought to be people taking the air. On the golf links, as you say, visitors should still be playing." He dropped his voice. "A little girl I met here two months ago should be beside me now, listening to the breakers rolling on the beach. . . ."

"Oh, Lord!" said the golfer without reserve. "Oh, Lord. I say, be a *bit* happier. Have you seen this morning's paper?"

"I'm wondering whether *she* has," the young man said. "Do you know we used always to read the personal column. Some very touching things in there sometimes, sir. Yes, I'm wondering whether she has looked at the personal columns to-day."

"It's odds on it," said the golfer. "Women always read it *after* the important column—the fashion article, you know. My wife does. My daughter does. They're always thinking that someone's going to put a romantic message in. Yes, even the wife. Why, take my pal Simpkins, who was mysteriously drowned at sea. She thinks he really committed suicide because of a hopeless passion for her that he had concealed (very effectually concealed, I can assure you). Oh, yes. Whoever the young lady is you can bet she's looked in the agony column."

"I hope so. We fixed the date of our reunion when I was here for my holidays. This very spot where first we met each other was to see our meeting again—yesterday. I waited here. She did not come."

"Don't let that discourage you," said the little man, banteringly. "She will if it's possible to get here at all. Young men are getting as scarce as good golf-courses. Cursed nuisance, and I know it. Can't find a young man of good position for my girl now. She's pretty, she can play, sing, sew, cook, do everything. You don't want a girl much better than that, do you? But there you are. There's no romance in these days. None at all of any use. The young fellers who are full of romance haven't got anything else to bless 'emselves with."

The Last Rose froze visibly and murmured something about "sordid considerations." The red-coated one replied with some ancient aphorisms about love and lucre, with a decided leaning in favour of lucre.

"Anyway," he said, "it's the paternal standpoint. I agree with the chap who said that woman should mate where she can best be kept. I remember that my father-in-law inquired into my prospects. My prospective son-in-law has to go through the same mill, I can assure you. And not a line shall any young cub write to my daughter until he's shown his worthiness—established position or capital invested. They form a *sine quâ non*—if you've not forgotten your Latin."

"Forgotten my Latin!" said the young man bringing out the morning's paper with some pride. "Look at this in the agony column:

"'To Flavia: Yesterday you forgot, but with me it is *semper eadem*.—Rupert.'"

The young man put down the paper.

"*Semper eadem*, sir," he said, "means always the same. And they are my sentiments towards that lady!"

"I see! I *see*!" said the older man feverishly searching his pockets. "So you're Rupert, are you?"—he pulled forth a piece of dainty notepaper triumphantly—"and my daughter isn't satisfied with her name of Mary! You're Rupert, are you? Well, this is what your—Flavia—was going to send to the paper yesterday. Look—'Rupert' (Oh *Lord*!) 'Tis useless. Father adamant.—Flavia.' And by heaven, he *is* adamant! You—Rupert—and your hundred and fifty a year! You and your *semper eadem*—on three quid a week!"

The Last Rose bowed his head. The man with the banjo had been tuning up hop... for some time.

"'Tis the last ro-ose of summer" began.

"Left blooming—well alone," said R... bitterly. And espying a local beauty tak... constitutional along the distant fron... walked off to make investigation.

WIFE GIVING EVIDENCE.

There is a widespread idea that a ... cannot give evidence against her husband; this is not altogether unfounded.

As a general rule, a wife can only ... evidence in favour of her husband, and ... he has asked her to do so.

There are, however, many exceptions to ... rule. For instance, a wife can testify ag... her husband in cases where she has ... assaulted by him. She can give evi... against him if he is cruel to his children, ... for certain offences against the Criminal ... Amendment Act. She can swear him ... gaol if he attempts to steal or make away ... property that is hers under the ... Woman's Property Act.

ROPE.

Rope is made of hemp, manilla, coir, ... cotton, wire, steel, or iron. Coir is co... fibre and is used principally for hawse... warps, being very strong, firm, and elasti...

Manilla is a woody fibre obtained fr... species of banana, and is used for ligh... ning rigging and hawsers.

Rope is measured by its circumfe... Thus a six-inch rope means a rope six ... round, not six inches in diameter.

The length of a new coil is 113 fath... that is 226 yards.

A rough rule for calculating the st... new rope will take is to square the cir... ence, and to divide by six, the result being ... strain in tons the rope will safely take.

Thus, a four-inch rope will bear two ... two-third tons. If the rope is at all ... however, you should divide by eight in... of six.

Junk is five-fathom lengths of old r...

Oakum is old rope unlaid with the ... picked into hemp.

CURING A COLD.

Perhaps the most unpleasant of a ... minor ills is a heavy cold in the head, ... robs the sufferer, for the time, of all ... ment. He does not enjoy the society o... closest friends. He is grumpy. He ... to be alone, but at the same time, his so... depresses him. He does not enjoy his ... because he cannot taste it. For the ... reason, his favourite tobacco is without ... for him. What is more, a heavy cold ... brings with it a feeling of feebleness, of ... solute sullenness for anything, a feeling ... one will not get over it.

Whenever you feel these symptoms co... on, try one of these cures. Either take a ... of hot coffee-and-brandy—in almost e... quantities—the last thing at night, for ... ference, when you are actually in bed, ... else indulge in a couple of strong ... pills at the same hour. Either of these ... probably set you right by the next mo... but, somehow, we personally prefer the o...

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COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

RICHARD SELBY: EMERGENCY MAN

By ADAM STERN.

The old-established banking house of Causer's, Moulden, was filled to overflowing when Richard arrived on the scene. He had the utmost difficulty in forcing his way in.

When at length he succeeded in doing so, he caught sight, over the heads of the people, of the white and agitated face of Cuthbert Causer, the manager; and, using his strength good humouredly, he continued his progress until he reached the counter, when he beckoned him.

The manager hesitated a moment, clearly in the throes of nervous reluctance; then, observing that Richard was smiling, he approached.

Richard appropriated more room by resting his arms on the counter.

"I am very glad to tell you, Mr. Causer," he said distinctly and deliberately, "that I have excellent news for you."

His quick warning frown silenced the exclamation on Causer's lips.

"Really the best of good news," he repeated.

Causer stared at him vaguely, as though not comprehending his meaning.

"The matter is entirely all right." Richard went on, still in a voice that all could hear. "I assure you there is not the slightest cause for anxiety."

He gazed leisurely to right and left—at the crowd customers who, on a common impulse had turned glances in his direction, at the cashiers, who a minute ago feverishly serving out cash and now motionless, watchful and listening—then addressed the manager once more.

"We had better talk it over in your private room," he said. "I'll come round."

Without waiting for acquiescence, he suited the action to the word, smilingly ignoring the questions that were put to him on all sides as he passed.

He was not smiling, however, when he entered Causer's secluded office. He looked, on the contrary, vigilant and determined.

"What news? . . . for God's sake!" jerked out on the instant.

"None at all," answered Richard curtly. "At least not yet."

Coming to the table, he drew up a chair and, uninvited, sat down. It was an intimation that the occasion was not one for wasting time over conventional courtesies.

Causer meanwhile stood regarding him blankly. He was a middle-aged, refined looking man, somewhat pedantic in manner, with neat side whiskers and thin sensitive lips.

"You—you mean," he stammered, "the excuse merely in order to gain a personal interview? Mr. Selby——" with an attempt at dignity, "if you are fearful for your own money——"

"That wasn't the reason." Richard contradicted bluntly. "I heard a rumour there was a run on the bank. I'd just come off the train from Liverpool—ten minutes ago—and it was hard to believe, so I came here to see. One squint at the crowd was proof sufficient that *somebody* had failed to display confidence. You weren't doing it, nor your staff. So I did. Take it from me—the greater the difficulty, the happier you've got to feel about it."

"I—I beg pardon," said Causer, sinking wearily into the chair on the other side of the table. "I'm afraid. The unexpectedness of this has upset me."

"When did it begin?" asked Richard, sitting forward.

"Towards eleven o'clock this morning. Since then it has grown rapidly worse."

"What's the origin of it? Hodgson's affair?"

"Yes, the flooding of their mine was a terrible disaster. Ernest Hodgson called in at noon and said it would never be fit to work again. He is ruined."

"Is he?" said Richard, with a peculiar intonation.

"Well?"

"And the firm is heavily in our debt—very heavily. The impression has got about that we are hard hit, and——"

"Question is," interrupted Richard, "can you survive?"

"Mr. Selby, we are not insolvent, if that is your suggestion."

"I ask simply—can you?"

"Yes."

"You require time?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Till to-morrow."

"You will be all right then?"

"Certainly."

Richard searched him with a look—and was satisfied.

"I am glad," he said. "What protective steps have you taken up to now?"

From another man the persistent cross-examination would have been offensive. But there was that about Richard's abrupt energy which disarmed dislike, while it compelled full confidence.

"I communicated with the Bank of England," Causer answered, "as soon as I realised there was room for uneasiness. Twenty thousand pounds in bullion is being dispatched by rail to-night without fail. A clerk has already left for London with an official confirmation of the transaction."

"Good," said Richard—"if that amount will suffice."

"It should more than suffice. It is chiefly the small depositors who are alarmed."

"Then it resolves itself into whether you can last out to-day. Half-past three now. Another half-hour to go. Shall you do it?"

"I hope—I pray that we may."

"It will be a close shave?"

"Perilously close."

"What about the local Midland Bank? Haven't they come to your assistance?"

"Unfortunately they and we are not quite friendly. Some time ago they made an offer to take us over, but for nearly a century we have been independent—resisting all amalgamation—and—er—there was slight friction over the negotiations."

"I'll bet I know who was to blame," said Richard. "You private banks are infernally coxy."

"Mr. Selby!"

"I must speak my mind. If it hadn't been for that you would have escaped this mess."

"We have traditions," said Causer stiffening—"traditions that are rather precious to us. None but members of the family are shareholders, and it was a principle of my father's——"

"Principles are the devil, and traditions the deep sea," said Richard, brutally. "Between the two, here you are!"

"I fail to follow your reasoning."

Richard leaned across the table and fixed him with an inexorable eye.

"You trusted Hodgson's," he affirmed, "because your father trusted them before you. You didn't take into account that the latest breed of the stock might fall short of standard. The Hodgson mine, which you have been advancing money on, was played out long ago."

Causer started up, as though to deny the accusation; then, as Richard's relentless gaze did not waver, he resumed his seat, nodding his head hopelessly.

"I know," he said, "but I found it out too late. Ever since, I have been exercising every persuasion in my power to get the overdraft reduced, but to no purpose. I am sadly afraid, Mr. Selby, that Ernest Hodgson is a blackguard."

"He's a fair imitation of one," said Richard, abruptly rising to his feet. "The matter with you, Mr. Causer, is that you're too much of a gentleman. It's no good worrying about it, however. It's an incurable disease."

He smiled with the words, and Causer smiled too.

"You hint," he said, "that it disqualifies me for business. But knowing you, Mr. Selby——"

"Oh, I don't bother about being a gentleman," said Richard.

"That is why you are one," returned Causer; and suddenly it occurred to him that he was forgetting his troubles.

"I must see how they are going on," he remarked, starting hurriedly for the door.

"I shouldn't," advised Richard coolly. "I should stay where you are. In fact, if your position were mine, I should have each of the four counter-men in here by turn and talk to him pleasantly for five minutes about the weather. It's now twenty minutes to four. Do it, and you reduce by twenty-five per cent. the risk of the bank having to stop payment."

Causer hesitated.

"Perfectly legitimate," Richard supplemented cheerfully.

"I will," answered Causer. "And I thank you from my heart, Mr. Selby."

"You needn't," said Richard. "I'm serving my own ends. I've seven hundred pounds odd to pay away to-morrow, and I should object to any hitch occurring up to prevent it. Good-day to you, Mr. Causer, and good luck."

He left the bank by the side-door, and strode along briskly in the direction of his works.

On the way a motor-car passed him, and one of its two occupants nodded. It was Ernest Hodgson, with whom Richard was slightly acquainted—a bull-necked, florid, hard-drinking individual, with a loud taste in dress and braggadocio bearing. His companion was a stranger.

Nodding in response, Richard gazed speculatively after the fast-retreating car. He was wondering at Causer's gullibility.

* * * * * * *

The London train, due to arrive in Moulden at 8.50, was punctually to time that night.

Richard was on the platform, meeting Arthur Lyons, who was bringing a report of the recent sitting of the Sweated Labour Committee.

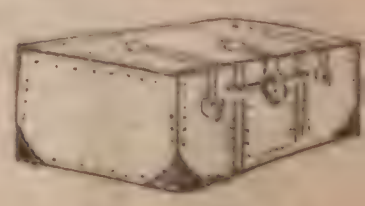
He looked about as the passengers disentrained, and a slim young man attracted his attention. He accosted him.

"Hullo, Mr. Golding! Back again, I see."

"Yes. . . . Oh, it's you, Mr. Selby! Yes, I'm back." He was the clerk from Causer's Bank.

"Got the money all safe? Don't look surprised—I was told of the object of your journey by Mr. Causer this afternoon."

"Yes; it's in the guard's van. I'm just off to look after it," and he turned on his heel, as Selby casually asked,



"How are you going to get it down?"

"There'll be a cab outside. Our usual cabby—Braid, you know."

"Ah yes, I know him. You'll find the guv'nor anxiously awaiting you, I expect."

"Yes, he'll be there. How did they go on?"

"Just pulled through. I 'phoned to find out a minute or two after four."

"Thank goodness for that!"

"Yes; you're out of the wood now. . . . Hullo, Lyons!"

"How do, Selby?"

The two friends grasped hands, and Golding hastened away.

"My car here?" inquired the heir to Bagley Court and all its dominions, after they had been chatting a few minutes.

"I don't know," said Richard. "Are you expecting it?"

"I sent word. You must come along home with me. We can talk better there."

"Very well."

They strolled to the station exit, where they discovered the car drawn up in readiness. With a friendly nod to the chauffeur, Lyons handed him his travelling rug, and, turning to Richard, suggested a drink.

Richard acquiesced, pausing a moment, however, to glance at the four-wheeler a few paces distant, into which several iron-bound, heavily padlocked boxes were being lifted, Golding standing by superintending the operation.

He saw the cab again a little while later. It rolled past the window of the refreshment-room as he was telling Lyons what had been happening at Causer's Bank, and for an instant a shadow of puzzlement appeared in his eyes.

"Funny," he said.

"What is?" asked Lyons.

"Golding mentioned Braid as the man who would drive the cab. The chap on that box wasn't Braid."

"Probably someone else was sent."

"Maybe."

Richard could think of no other explanation; but the incident struck him as peculiar. They continued to talk for a time; then, as they went out to the car, Richard said:

"We'll drive to Causer's, anyway. It will do no harm to make sure."

"Make sure of what?"

"That my imagination's a liar," answered Richard.

And, without inquiring further, Lyons gave the order, and they sped down the hill into the town.

As they sighted the bank, Richard laid his hand on Lyons's knee.

"Where's that cab?" he queried softly. "Eh—where's that cab?"

He sprang to the pavement, and pressed the side-door bell. There were lights in the back, and Mr. Causer himself answered the summons.

"Golding not come?" demanded Richard.

"No; I'm expecting him every minute. Why, whatever's wrong, Mr. Selby?"

"He left the station in a cab long enough ago to be here by now, and there's no sign of him, that's all."

"But——"

"Is he trustworthy?"

"Golding? I would stake my life — Great Heavens!——"

"Never mind palaver! What cabman did you send?"

"Braid."

"From the cab-rank round the corner?"

"Yes."

Richard was gone.

In three minutes he was back.

"Braid," he said rapidly, "was taken up by a fare at a quarter to eight. He hasn't been seen since. Go to the police, Mr. Causer, and give information that vehicle 388 must be found. You know what's inside it—twenty thousand pounds in specie; and the man who drives it isn't Braid!"

He wheeled on Lyons, who was standing at his elbow.

"Back to that left turning half way down the hill," he commanded. "It's the only unlighted road."

They leaped into the car.

"I'm a languid man," said Lyons, "but this is beginning to stir me. Where's Braid, do you imagine?"

"Gagged and bound in a ditch, as likely as not."

"And Golding?"

"Bolting with the dibs. . . . Round here"—he had to shout to make himself heard above the noise of the car and the wind—"and let her rip!"

"We can do our seventy with ease," observed Lyons, com'ortably sitting back.

"Then if he's this way we shall be up with him in no time."

Hardly had the words left his lips than the chauffeur turned round.

"I can see it," he cried. "Just ahead."

"It isn't moving," said Lyons.

"Then the beggar's deserted it," commented Richard.

The cab was on the side of the road, no one visible on the box, and they pulled up level with it.

In a trice Richard was peering through the open window, holding a lighted match.

"My lord!" he muttered. A body was huddled up on the floor. "Golding," he said, as he swung back the door, "and chloroformed from the look of it."

"The money?" queried Lyons, who had joined him.

"Gone. . . . So I did the poor chap an injustice after all! Lyons, this looks like the work of a gang, cleverly conceived and daringly carried out. Somebody must have hopped into the cab from the other side as it drove off, and downed him. Then there'd be another taking Braid's place on the box, and no doubt a third waiting here with a means of escape. They certainly couldn't have carried off those boxes in their hands."

"A motor-car," suggested Lyons.

Richard walked forward to where the powerful lamps of their car illuminated the road. There had been recent rain, and the surface of the road was muddy.

Richard whistled.

"Lyons," he called sharply. "Come here! . . . See those rear wheel-marks where a car has turned round? The right tyre is studded and the left one plain. Now I've seen a pair of tyres like that this very day. They belonged to Mr. Ernest Hodgson, the one man I'm aware of—outside the bank officials—who would be likely to learn that the money was coming. By the Lord, if I'm not mistaken——"

"Which way has he gone?" interrupted Lyons.

"Right on. It's the main north road." Richard faced him with a hard smile on his face. "What do you say?" he asked.

"I don't say anything," returned Lyons imperturbably. "If I can't beat his tin-pot engine . . . . Perkins, you'd better take Mr. Golding back to Moulden in that cab. Drop him at the nearest doctor's."

"And," added Richard, "inform the police whom it is we suspect. They'll know the number of his car, and can wire in all directions. Meanwhile . . . ."

"Meanwhile," echoed Lyons, with his hands on the steering wheel; and with scarcely a sound they were off.

"Now," said Lyons, "if our bibulous, swaggering gentleman will kindly have maintained a straight course."

"We must risk that," said Richard. never have anticipated pursuit would be so

"What's his start, do you think?"

"Half an hour to three-quarters."

"Poor Hodgson," said Lyons.

And they settled down to silence.

The wind sang past them; hedges were alive. On they sped, miles in less than a and the tingling fever of the chase warmed blood, exhilarated their hearts, and int each separate faculty ten-fold. It was th kept the car true in its breakneck speed. was no faltering at hills or steadying stomach-turning dips.

Through hamlets and villages they slowed for an unimportant township, again, tireless, swift, and invincible.

"I should like a cigarette," said Lyons.

"You'll have hell-fire if you let go that said Richard.

"We ought to be near them now."

"I thought I saw a light far ahead."

"There's few on the road to-night."

"It's the heavy going."

"If that light *is* them ——" said Ly grammatically.

"Go through 'em," said Richard, who was ful at the moment.

"No; they'll make room for us, and then

"Then we'll haul up and block the path Richard.

And it was thus it happened.

Sounding their horn vigorously, they ate distance dividing them from the dark thi front, flashed past, turned simultaneously to at each other, and laughed softly in unison.

A minute later they came to a halt in the of the road.

"The Philistines are three," Lyons re Richard.

"Are they?" said Richard, indifferently. sha'n't get hurt, I fancy."

A stentorian voice, commanding them to way, passed unheeded.

"I want that money," said Richard, as the rival car stopped. And he advanced haste through the glare of the lamps.

"My God!" gasped a voice. "It's Selby

"It is, Mr. Hodgson," was Richard's "and you've backed the wrong horse this ti

There was the noise of a scramble, figures darted back along the way they had running as fast as their legs could carry the

Hodgson, left alone, sat rigid and tran then panic overtook him, and he, too, fled. a bloodless victory.

"The law can see to them," called Richa his shoulder. "Our business is with the dulicks. The boxes are here all right. R your car and bring her alongside. We'll t this merchandise in a brace of shakes."

* * * * * *

"How far?" inquired Lyons, when the prepared to start.

"Forty miles," said Richard.

"We really ought to relieve Causer's d soon as we can."

[*Another of these stories will app week.* EDITOR.]

HIS WIFE'S FRIENDS.

Doubtless, like most men, you, dear will one day "take unto yourself a w perhaps you have already done so. case, beware of your wife's friends her girl friends. It is a sad but less true fact that an enormous percent women take a pleasure in making woman discontented with the man chosen as a husband.

If they are married, they compare th woman's husband unfavourably with own; if they are spinsters they will s remark that *they* would *never* have thou marrying him. And what is more de few women have the strength of mind regard such insinuations.

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Hapgood's have hundreds of Special Positions open—High Grade Technical, Clerical, Organising, and Travelling Positions, carrying salaries ranging from £150—£1,000 a year, but they are positions which can only be filled by Men of Special Ability. If you are a man with more than the average amount of ability and with a desire to realise your true worth—write us to-day, or call.

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BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

K. WATT-STRACHAN, 6, Lavender Sweep, Clapham Junction, S.W., is organising a cycling club, and will be glad to hear from readers in his district who are interested.

J. W. OSBORNE, 26, Woodstock Road, Finsbury Park, N., wants to meet a reader in his district who is keen on walking.

T. H. PENTONY, captain of the Saracens Football Club, will be glad to hear from any London reader who wants to play or to learn Rugby football. Mr. Pentony, on behalf of his club, offers a welcome to new members, whether they know the game or not. The Saracens is one of the oldest and best-known of London Rugby clubs, and we advise all readers interested to write to Mr. Pentony, at 6, Linden Mansions, Highgate, N.

F. N. (Birmingham).—Tree the boots, and give them a good anointing with grease before storing them away.

B. B. (Oldham).—It is much the best plan to buy your bungalow second-hand.

"SHOULDERSTRAP" (Stockport).—Apply to your Adjutant. If you are very polite to him he will probably make the transference an easy matter.

R. F. JEFFRYES, Ridley Cottage, Ridley Villas, Newcastle-on-Tyne, is organising a MODERN MAN whist drive and dance, to be held in the Masonic Hall, Heaton, on Monday, Nov. 14. We hope that readers in the district will take advantage of the opportunity for a night's amusement. We hope to be present personally if at all possible.

M. C. (Trowbridge).—It is very easy to copyright a pamphlet. Write to Stationers' Hall, enclosing two stamps for necessary form and postage thereof.

J. J. W. (Darwen).—We don't give away business secrets, thank you.

H. L. (East Dulwich).—With £70 at your back you ought to get along all right in Australia. As you contemplate taking up farming there, we strongly advise you to get a bit of experience in advance by hiring your services for a few months to an English farmer. Not knowing the ropes, you can't expect from him more than board and lodging in the way of screw, but the experience will be valuable. You have our best wishes.

R. K. S. (Carnforth).—Try our "Sale and Exchange" columns.

MESSRS. SLAZENGER AND SONS, through their solicitor, inform us that they are *not* prepared to send their catalogue to any applicant, as announced in a recent paragraph.

J. M. L. (Newcastle).—The police are commencing proceedings against the firm you name.

W. B. (Lewisham).—The "Telegraph" gives the music-hall programmes with time-sheets also. This is useful if you think of "dropping in" during the evening.

H. B. (Manchester).—A leather watch-guard does not look well with a fancy vest. A leather watch-guard—whether it is an elaborate affair or only a lip-strap—is more or less sporting, and is, therefore, unsuitable for what you might call "full dress."

T. W. P. (Clapham Junction).—Many of us have had to struggle, but we haven't whined about it. Stick to your job till you get a better. Good luck to you, but do try to acquire a little more backbone.

L. C. R. (Hampstead). — There is no greater fallacy than the assertion sometimes made that a man should always breathe through his nose and never through his mouth. If in running a race a man restricted himself to nose breathing, he would be putting a terrific strain upon his heart. In all active exercises you should without hesitation breathe through your mouth, but in moderate forms of exercise, such as one goes through in one's bedroom or in a gymnasium, it is best to breathe through the nose, as this acts as a filter for the air inhaled.

"BUIC" (Cleethorpes).—It is far best to buy a dog as a pup, and to bring him up according to your own ideas. There is a common fallacy that every pup must have distemper, and that it is better to buy a dog that has got over this trouble If you keep a dog clean, and prevent him from getting into company with other dogs, there is no reason in the world why he should have distemper at all. For a bull-dog pup with a pedigree you would have to pay about £3 3s.

B. L. J. (Aylesbury). — By all means have a variable gear fitted to your machine. People who condemn them are talking through their hats. But get a reliable make, they are complicated things.

M. B. (Middlesbrough).—The "jenny" is a losing hazard made into either of the middle pockets from a ball lying close to the side cushion. A "long jenny" is a similar hazard made into one of the top pockets.

F. H. (Huddersfield).—The name lacrosse was given to the game, which was played by the Aborigines before the discovery of the new world, by Jesuit missionaries. The sport was first played in England in 1867.

B. M. (Liverpool).—Constant application of cold water is liable to make the hair fall out. Brilliantine, or any other oil, though it may do no good, can be relied upon to work no injury to the hair, and is preferable to water.

G. M. (Sydenham).—The Crystal Palace team topped the second division of the Southern League in 1905-6.

J. W. (Oldham), **W. J. O.** (South Woodford), **F. C.** (Exeter), **C. R.** (Grimsby), **H. H.** (Buckingham), **F. McD.** (Glasgow), **G. D.** (Jersey), **C. J. R.** (Oldham), **R. H.** (Aldershot).—We are very much obliged to you.

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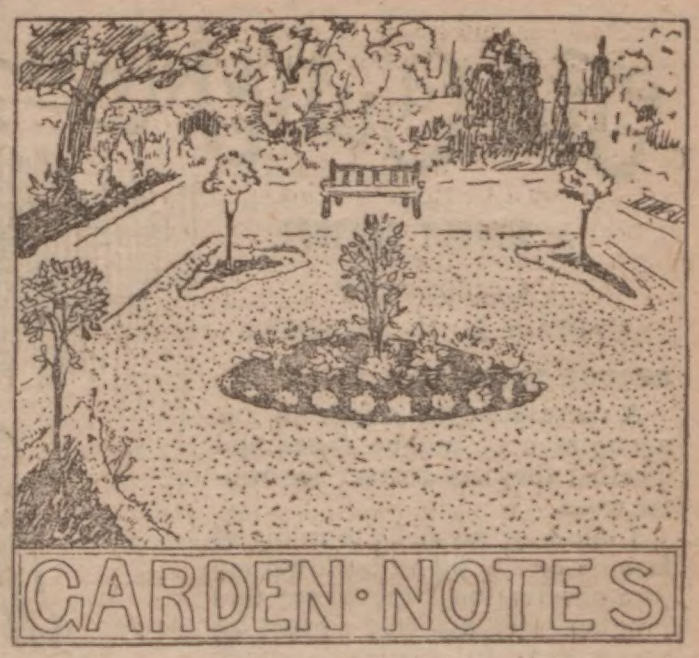

The present season, when the beds are becoming more or less empty as the summer growth is cleared off them, offers an excellent opportunity for the enriching of poor soil by means of manure.

In most localities this can be obtained for very little, the cost of cartage being the most important item and necessarily a very variable one. Many a man, however, who keeps a stable is only too glad to get his manure carted away for nothing and demands no payment for it.

Horse dung must be stacked sufficiently long to become well rotted, and is most suitable for cold, stiff soils. It may either be dug in at once with a fork or spread on the surface and dug in later on.

Roses especially need thorough manuring, whatever soil they are planted in, and a little should be dug in round their roots.

* * * * * * *

Cow manure is slower in its action, but more lasting, and if mixed with horse manure makes an excellent dressing for the garden. It is the only kind of manure on which rhododendrons thrive, although leaf-mould usually supplies all the nourishment they require.

The most powerful manure of all is pig's dung, which contains far more nitrogen than that of horses, and is especially to be recommended for dressing lawns of which the grass is poor. It needs to be well mixed with litter and earth and moderately fermented.

Unfortunately, however, pig manure is not always easy to obtain, and its pungent odour makes it almost impossible to use it in the neighbourhood of a house.

Wood ashes, which contain potash and soda, make a very useful manure for fruit trees, potatoes, and so on.

* * * * * * *

In addition to the above, there are, of course, many chemical manures in which ammonia usually forms the basis, as in the natural manures, but these, together with salt, lime, and soot, also cheap and effective manures, need to be applied carefully and judiciously.

The amateur who is working a small piece of ground and who has no technical knowledge of the subject will be well advised to stick to the ordinary, natural manures mentioned above.

* * * * * * *

Many men are at the present time remodelling their gardens or making up new ones, and though the plan must depend on the features of the ground, here is a general tip that may be useful.

Let the ground-plan be as irregular as possible. Avoid straight lines that extend for the whole length or breadth of the plot.

But let the irregularity be apparently necessary. If a path suddenly swerves off to one side, let there be a seat or a tree or a summer-house in the angle, which makes it impossible for it to go straight on.

C. B. STAINER.

The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

BROGUE SHOES.

A correspondent writes to ask my opinion of brogue shoes, and whether they are correct for winter wear.

I know of no definite ruling of fashion on the point, but from my own observation I should say that brogues were not only correct for winter wear but eminently suited for it.

Nothing looks smarter for town wear with a lounge suit, especially a navy blue one, than a pair of patent-leather brogues, while brown brogues can be obtained in many varieties, from the heavy thick-soled kind that are so suitable for country sport, golf and so on, to those of lighter make for town wear.

It is essential that in cleaning brogues a good stiff brush should be used. If they are cleaned only with a cloth, the dust and mud gets into the crevices and the holes punched in edges of the uppers, and once it has become caked there it is difficult to dislodge.

DARNING SMALL HOLES.

One of the things calculated to raise the ire of the quietest of men is the misfortune of burning a hole in the material of a new suit. This, of course, results from the action of red-hot tobacco ash, and the hole is only noticed when an odour of burning wool arises.

If you should experience this happening, get your wife, landlady, or any person you are in the habit of applying to in emergency, to sew a small patch beneath the injured spot.

Next, take a few stray threads from the inside of one of the seams and ask her to sew up the hole with them.

By adopting this method you are assured that the correct darning material is used, and the injured spot should easily escape detection.

If a thread that "almost matches" is used, the result will be anything but satisfactory.

There is, perhaps, only one worse thing you can do, and that is to try to darn the hole yourself.

STRIPED TROUSERS.

I am glad to note the increasing favour with which the simple striped trouserings are being regarded. The plain black and white effects set the fashion some eight years back, and since that time have enjoyed a fair amount of popularity.

Exaggerated checks are fast leaving us, but the dark cloth with a light but thin line promises to meet with some success.

I have always held the opinion that the plain downward stripe in trousers gives a certain erectness which checks cannot provide.

A short man should always be on the look-out for a fairly pronounced stripe, which invariably adds to the apparent height.

A quality which is not often considered is the fact that a rather pronounced stripe of a darker shade than the body of the material gives the trousers a comparatively new appearance even when, in reality, they have seen their last days.

THE LATEST THING IN OVERCOATS.

Messrs. J. and H. Ellis, the well-known tailors, have requested me to assist them in designing a new overcoat for this winter. I have done so with the greatest of pleasure. The success of the mufti suit, for which I was partly responsible, gives me every confidence that the overcoat will also be very popular amongst my readers.

Messrs. Ellis were kind enough to ask me to name the figure for which I would do them this little service, but, acting on the principle of the paper—that, from the Editor downwards, we are the servants of our public—I refused to entertain any suggestion of payment. I stipulated with them, however, that, instead of paying me, they should give a better quality of cloth than they contemplated, and this they have done.

I have seen a full range of the patterns of which this overcoat is to be made, and they are the best that could possibly have been selected.

I do not know how Messrs. Ellis can produce such overcoats at three guineas a time, but that is their business.

I can most heartily recommend these overcoats, both for comfort and appearance, and I trust that all readers will take advantage of the opportunity.

THE SOCK MANIAC.

Man people disagree with me on the subject of men's socks. There is a class of person—and he is in evidence everywhere—who believes in crowding as many colours and shades as he possibly can into his socks.

When he has obtained a most hideously glaring pair, he carefully turns his trousers up almost to the knee and struts around thinking how tastefully dressed he is.

His thoughts on dress seem to be principally centred on his socks, and the residue of his ideas are expended on a nightmare of a tie.

Personally, I hold that a simple clocking of a shade slightly more delicate than that of the body of the sock is the most effective style.

It has always struck me as being surprisingly peculiar how men pay so little attention to the question of harmony between ties and socks.

In any London street one may pick out men with rich purple ties and quaint pink socks, and others with bright green ties and socks of butcher's blue.

Socks and ties which actually match give a very good appearance, but at least they should harmonise in colour.

A USEFUL COLLAR HINT.

A clean collar daily is a luxury that can only be enjoyed at the expense of a considerable increase in the laundry bill. At the same time it is recognised that the wearer of a soiled collar cannot possibly appear smart, no matter how carefully he may otherwise be dressed.

The best way out of the difficulty is to use Lin-Gloss, a washable linen glaze, the use of which enables you to wash an ordinary linen collar every morning with a cold water cloth, and wear it for a month without having recourse to the laundry.

It will give you a collar similar in every way to one made of celluloid, with the single exception that the appearance of the linen is not altered in any way—it is quite impossible to tell a collar has been treated with it.

Lin-Gloss is sold in bottles at 1s., containing a six months' supply. One shilling expended on Lin-Gloss will save over 500 per cent. of the outlay.

Lin-Gloss is supplied direct from the manufacturers only. Send 1s. P.O. to-day to the Lin-Gloss Co., 58, Cheapside, London, E.C.

ONE PRICE and the same ceptional value for our customers over the world. Wherever you we guarantee satisfaction, splendid value and perfect-fitting garments whatever style you choose. We cut the cloth, we make the clothes, and to measure from **21s.** to **65s.** Patterns supplied from **2s.** yd. Patterns and style book, together with full formation of carriage and duty to any part of the world, post free.
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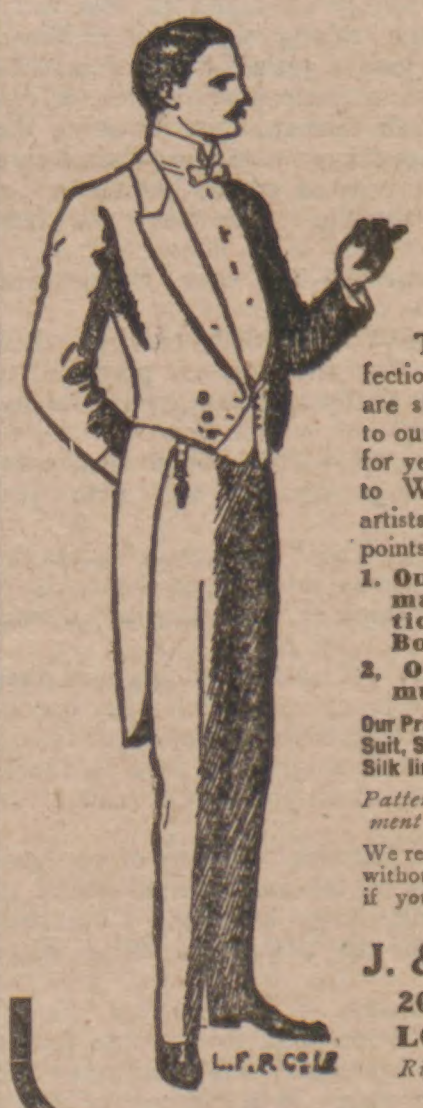
GROW A MOUSTACHE.
A nice manly moustache **speedily** grows at any age by using "Mousta," the only True Moustache Forcer. **Successfully Guaranteed.** Boys become men. Acts like magic. Box sent (plain cover) for 6d. and 1d. for postage. Send 7d. now.
T. DIXON & CO., 42, Junction Road, London, N.

Do you pay too much for your clothes?
In the ordinary way you have to bear your share of heavy rents of tailors' shops. In dealing with us you get not only superior material and cut but better suits for less money than you would have to pay your tailor. If you prefer, we will supply real Yorkshire cloths for the latter to make up for you. Either way you will save money. Suits 29/6, lengths from 10/-, post free.
Write for Free Patterns, Measurement Form, and Design Book.
GROVES & LINDLEY, 25, Lion Buildings, HUDDERSFIELD, ENGLAND.

Why not have your Clothes cut by the man who fitted the King?



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The undeniable perfection of our cut and style are steadily winning over to our side men who have for years remained faithful to West-End "sartorial artists." They realise two points:—
1. Our cut, style and materials are identical with those of Bond Street.
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All advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3190, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Always well-dressed on 1s. a year. "Clothclena" removes stains, shine, and shabbiness from suits thoroughly, easily, and instantly. Modern men delighted. Bottle 1s. post free.—Manager, Central Laboratory, Perth.

Football boots, size 7 (Hotspur); cost 10s. 6d., practically new. What offers?—Box 3750, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Trouser hangers. A real bargain, few to clear; will take three pairs; 7d. each, post free.—Box 3650, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, best hand sewn shooting boots, 7's, cash.—Box 3751, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Offers wanted, gentleman's suit, overcoat, chest 36in.—Box 3753, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Burberry shooting jacket, fit chest 36in., height 5ft. 8in., splendid condition; 27s.—Box 3754, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's black morning coat and vest, 35in. over vest, inside sleeve 18½in.; 10s. 6d., bargain.—Box 3755, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Sportsmen. I gave Verney for Cesarewitch. Something special next week, information sound, winner certain. I also have Liverpool Cup winner. Send 1s.—Arthur, P.O., Grafton Road, Kentish Town, London.

Albert Smith, expert in the manufacture of fishing rods, reels, lines, hooks, and general tackle, is now supplying anglers in all parts of the world direct from his new factory. Catalogues free.—Only address, Albert Smith and Co., Dominion Works, Redditch, Worcs.

Punching-ball, complete, fine quality, double ended, cost 12s. 6d.; accept 8s. 6d., condition as new.—Box 3580, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Skates. Roller-skates, all sizes, new, adjustable; accept 2s. 9d. per pair.—Box 3653, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Pair Sandow's grip dumb-bells, 5s., nearly new; or exchange for anything useful.—Box 3740, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Complete set of boxing gloves, brand new, never been used, cost 12s. 6d.; accept 8s. 6d.—Box 3581, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Football, brand new this season, never been used; take 6s. 6d., a bargain.—Box 3600, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, bagatelle table, full size, all accessories, must be in good condition, and cheap.—Box 3652, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Smith-Wesson, .38, good condition, and cartridges, 18s.—Powell, 20, Graham Road, Acton Lane, Chiswick.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

¼ plate stand camera, Perkins' rapid Euryscope lens, f/6, 3-fold tripod, 2 double dark slides, and case; 35s., or near offer.—Box 3756, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, Kodak folding camera (film), good condition; state price.—Box 3757, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

All numbers of "The Modern Man" issued for sale; all or part.—Box 3742, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study and leads to highest speeds; learned in twelve lessons; interesting handbook free.—Shorthand Association, Grosvenor Road, London, N.

For Books, see Davies and Widdowson's advertisement, page 20.

"John Bull," numbers 141-227 (bar 2); "Lotinga's," 1-31 (bar 2); unbound. Offers?—Box 3746, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

CYCLES, &c.

For sale, several motor tyres and tubes and accessories, cheap; useless to owner.—Box 3759, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, 1910 Triumph, Pheolin-More Zenith-Gradua, or other motor-cycle, for £30 spot cash.—Box 3760, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, motor-cycle, free engine preferred; would exchange good double-barrel shot gun, gramophone; and over 20 records, or landau.—Box 3761, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MUSIC.

Swiss Accordion, almost new; splendid instrument, 43 keys; cost 7 guineas, take £3 10s.—Box 3747, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£2 melodeon, as new, in lock-up case; exchange for good disc double-sided records, 10in. or over, or what offers?—Box 3762, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, first-class modern banjo; exchange superior conjuring apparatus value £4.—Box 3763, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

FINANCIAL, &c.

£500 Provident bond, ballot, £60 13s. paid; accept £40, or near offer.—Box 3764, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£300 British Homes certificate, £52 value. Accept £30.—Box 3765, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, sole rights good selling line for mail order business, or patent rights bought right out.—Box 3766, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

London and Provincial Assurance Co. House Purchase Certificate, for £500, immediate sale, 5 years' paid, £65. Offers.—Box 3767, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

Particulars of a certain cure for short windedness, 1s.—Box 3741, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O., 1s.—Box 3584, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Sunburnt men are handsomely attractive; Indian Liquid Bronze, genuine; post free, 10d.—Binn, 4, Pitt Lane, Bradford, Yorks.

Piles, marvellous cure for; receipt P.O. 1s. 1d.—Write in first case to Box 3585, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 3586, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Increase your weight; no holidays required. Recipe, P.O. 7d.—Box 3744, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

A popular fallacy refuted.—Your hair and scalp kept in excellent health at no expense whatever. Directions, P.O. 9d.—Box 3745, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

DOGS.

Well bred Old English sheepdog, age 18 months, trained to stock, affectionate, intelligent, fine specimen; 40s., or near offer.—Box 3768, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Retriever, curly-coated, real close negro coat, three years old, winner four firsts and silver cup and one second, is a capital worker and under perfect command, £5; three champions in his pedigree, fine dark eye.—Box 3769, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, cheap, spaniel dog, under four years, well trained, good worker, face any cover, retrieve tenderly to hand fur and feather; no chase; obedient.—Box 3770, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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30s. to £3 per week easily earned; a fine paying agency, sole rights given. Write Lin-Gloss Co., Dept. 2, 58, Cheapside, London, E.C.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 22.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For sale, gent.'s gold cameo ring and lady's handsome gold watch (18 ct.).—Particulars, Box 3743, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Amusement Secure.—Post free, four unique pocket novelties, 1s.; twelve, all different, 2s. 6d.—Hyams, 19, Ellis Street, Birmingham.

2/6 SAFETY RAZOR FOR 1/-

With extra blades, complete in case; excellent quality; marvellous value. Send to-day. P.O. 1s. 1d., post free.—J. Treasure, 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

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"Gillette," "Clemax," "Ever Ready," and all thin razor blades re-set superior to new, 1d. each, post free.—Wafer Blade Co., 36, Deneside Terrace, Bankfoot, Bradford.

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A golden offer. Gent's tie-pin, exceptionally handsome, 1s. post free.—J. Treasure and Co., 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

Astrology reveals planet's influence on courtship, marriage, business speculation, &c. Send birthdate and 1s. order for test horoscope. Two years' guide added.—Prof. Mercury (L.K.), Llandaff, Glam.

To Shavers.—Gillette (patent) safety razors, in case complete, 2s. 6d.; automatic stroppers for above or any razor, 2s. 3d.; or complete outfit, 4s.—L. and Co., 24, Harcourt Street, Dublin.

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Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address.

Astounding Value. All Goods on Approval.

12S. 6D.—Field, Race, or Marine Glasses, £4 4s. Binocular, as used in the Army; 10 achromatic lenses; 50 miles range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yards; perfect definition; saddler-made case; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

10S. 6D.—Gent.'s heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forrest, London), absolutely perfect timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

10S. 6D.—Organ-tone Melodeon, magnificent 63s. instrument, registered model, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords. Rich, powerful tone, perfect order. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

19S. 6D.—Gent.'s £4 4s. Chesterfield Overcoat, latest West-End cut and finish, tailor made, one of Longford's very best superfine quality, dark grey tweed, 40-inch breast, never worn; great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

19S. 6D.—Gent.'s £4 4s. Fashionable dark brown Tweed Suit, splendid quality, tailor-made, latest West-End cut and finish, never worn, breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 31½in.; great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

12S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

£1 1S.—Gent's £5 5s. solid silver real English hall-marked Lever Watch, examined by the celebrated watchmaker, W. Russell, London, high-grade movement, highly tempered unbreakable mainspring, timed to a few seconds a month, ten years' written warranty; also, gent.'s solid silver English hall-marked massive curb Albert, with silver compass attached; three together, sacrifice £1 1s. Approval willingly.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

Special "Modern Man" Offer!

Oct. 29.

SEND TO-DAY.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-bells

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FREE TRIAL.

We will send, post paid and free of all costs, to every reader of THE MODERN MAN in Great Britain, who will fill in the coupon below, One Pair of Sandow's world-famous Grip Dumb-bells for **Seven Days' Free Trial.**

With every pair we also send a Booklet of Exercises, showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when, or where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

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READ THIS advertisement carefully, and if you decide to test SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS, fill in the Order Form below with your name and address.

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YOU CAN PUT THREE INCHES ON YOUR CHEST MEASUREMENT and increase all your other muscles in proportion by using the GRIP DUMB-BELLS 15 minutes a day for three months.

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SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELL CO.,
Room 39, Sandow Hall,
Bury Street, London, W.C.

Date.....19.....

Gentlemen,

Please send me by return one pair* of your

Gentlemen's	Spring-Grip	Dumb-bells	at	12s. 6d.	Suitable for age 18 and upwards.
Youth's	"	"	"	10s. 6d.	" " " 14 to 13.
Ladies'	"	"	"	10s. 6d.	" " " 16 upwards.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

* Please cross out sizes not required.

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